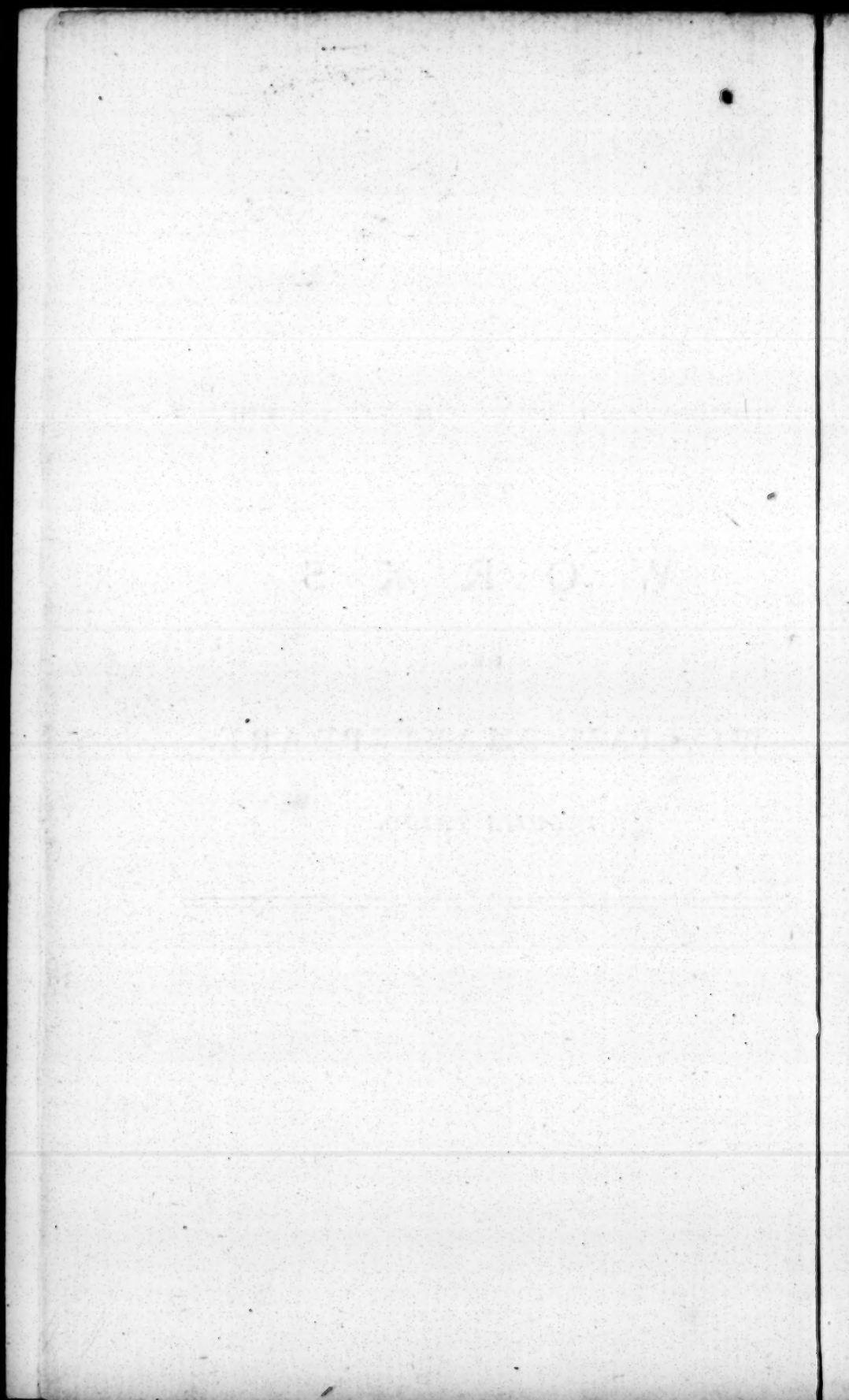
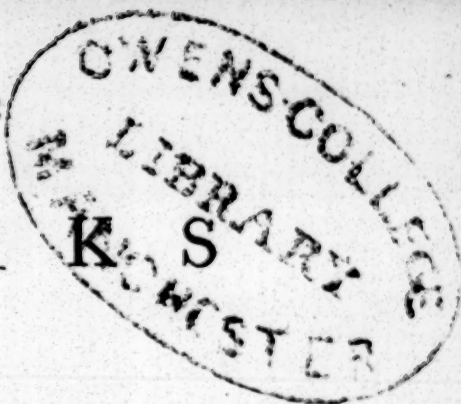

THE
W O R K S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THIRD.



THE
WORKS
OF



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THIRD.

CONTAINING

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS
WELL,
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR,
WHAT YOU WILL,
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS,

THE WINTER-NIGHT'S
TALE,
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING JOHN.

EDINBURGH:

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SpE

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING of France.	Countess of Roussillon, mother to Bertram.
Duke of Florence.	Helena, daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous physician, some time since dead.
Bertram, Count of Roussillon.	An old widow of Florence.
Lafeu, an old Lord.	Diana, daughter to the widow.
Parolles, a parasitical follower of Bertram; a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour,	Violenta, } neighbours and friends
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.	Mariana, } to the widow.
Stewart, } servants to the Count-Glown, } of Roussillon.	Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Countess of Roussillon's house in France.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Roussillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in mourning.

Count. **I**N dissevering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

VOL. III.

A

Count.

* The plot taken from Boccate, Decam, 3. Nov. 9.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, Madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *bad!* how sad a presage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon*.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good Lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my Lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my Lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her: disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities*, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for her simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this,

Helena;

* By *virtuous qualities* here are not meant those of a moral kind, but such as are acquired by erudition and good breeding.

Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be not enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Bethou blest'd, Bertram, and succeed thy father In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heav'n more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! farewell, my Lord; 'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my Lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best, That shall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. [*To Hel.*] The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.*]

SCENE II.

Hel. Oh, were that all! — I think not on my father; And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no favour in it, but my Bertram's. I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright partic'lar star, And think to wed it; he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral * light
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
 Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
 The hind that would be mated by the lion,
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
 To see him every hour; to sit, and draw
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's table; heart too capable
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour! —
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
 "And yet I know him a notorious liar;
 "Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
 "Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
 "That they take place, when Virtue's steely bones
 "Look bleak in the cold wind;" full oft we see
 Cold † Wisdom waiting on superfluous Folly.

SCENE III.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no. —

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay; you have some stain ‡ of soldier in you;
 let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity,
 how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant,
 in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike
 resistance.

Par. There is none: man, setting down before you,
 will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and
 blowers

* Reflected.

† Cold for naked; as *superfluous* for *over cloth'd*.

‡ Stain for colour.

blowers up! ——— Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, 'tis to accuse your mother; which is most infallible disobedience. As he that hangs himself, so is a virgin: 'Virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offenders against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love; which is the most prohibited sin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.'

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth; off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which we wear not now. Your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a

wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it.

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

'There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend *;
I know not what he shall — God send him well! —
The court's a learning place — and he is gone —

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well — 'tis pity —

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't
Which might be felt; that we the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends;
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles,
My Lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a cha-
ritable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you must
needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par.

* ———— and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy;
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign;
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious Christer domes.
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —
I know not, &c.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing; and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, as I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kifs like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been, cannot be. Whoever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me.
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Changes to the court of France.

Flourish cornets. Enter the King of France with letters, and divers attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, Sir.

King.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our cousin Austria;
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer;
And Florence is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the Count Roussillon, my good Lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First try'd our soldierish: he did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the brav'st. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterness
Were in him; pride or sharpness, if there were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,

Clock

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
 Exceptions bid him speak; and at that time
 His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
 He us'd as creatures of another place,
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
 Making them proud; and his humility,
 In their poor praise, he humbled. Such a man
 Might be a copy to these younger times;
 Which, follow'd well, would now demonstrate them
 But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
 Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
 So in approof lives not his epitaph *,
 As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! he would always say,
 (Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
 To grow there, and to bear,) Let me not live——
 (Thus his good melancholy oft began,
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
 When it was out,) let me not live (quoth he)
 After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
 Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions:——this he wish'd.
 I, after him, do after him wish too
 (Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home)
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
 To give some labourer room.

2 Lord. You're loved, Sir;
 They that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,
 Since the physician at your father's died?
 He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;——
 Lend me an arm;——the rest have worn me out
 With several applications: nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count,
 My son's no dearer.

Ber.

Ber. Thank your Majesty. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Countess's at Rouffillon.*

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I with might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here! get you gone, firrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not so well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your Ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own; service is no heritage, and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your Worship's reason?

Clo. 'Faith, Madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y' are shallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of. He that ears my lands, spares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the Puritan, and old Poyson the Papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way.

"For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true shall find:

"Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckow sings by kind."

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

[Singing.

"Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

"Fond done, fond done; for Paris, he,

"Was this King Priam's joy.

"With that she sigh'd as she stood,

"And gave this sentence then;

"Among nine bad if one be good,

"There's yet one good in ten."

Count. What, one good in ten! You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo.

Clo.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' song: 'would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir Knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man that should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth, the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. 'Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly, keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me;
still

shall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*]

SCENE VII. *Enter Helena.*

Count. Ev'n so it was with me when I was young;

If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth;

By our remembrances of days foregone,

Such were our faults; O! then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.—

Hel. What is your pleasure. Madam?

Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable Mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother? when I said a mother,

Methought you saw a serpent; what's in mother,

That you start at it? I say, I'm your mother,

And put you in the catalogue of those,

That were enwomb'd mine; 'tis often seen,

Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care.

God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,

To say, I am thy mother? what's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eyes?

Why,—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.

The Count Roussillon cannot be my brother;

I am from humble, he from honour'd name;

No note upon my parents. his all noble.

My master, my dear lord he is; and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die:

He must not be my brother.—

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, Madam; would you were
(So that my Lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed my mother! — or were you both our mothers,
(I can no more fear than I do fear heav'n,)
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother? —

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield you mean it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What! pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. — Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head; now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then 'tis so. For, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forswear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble Mistress.

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love.
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know, how that desert shall be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot chuse
But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that which search implies;
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sov'reignty; and that he will'd me,
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it, speak?

Hel. My Lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,

If you should tender your supposed * aid,
 He would receive it? He and his physicians
 Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
 They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
 Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
 The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints
 More than my father's skill, (which was the great'st
 Of his profession,) that his good receipt
 Shall for my legacy be sanctified
 By th' luckiest stars in heav'n; and, would your Honour
 But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
 The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure,
 By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love;
 Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
 To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
 And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
 Begone, to-morrow; and be sure of this,
 What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

*Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the
 Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles. Flourish cornets.*

King. **F**AREWELL, young Lords: these warlike
 principles

Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, farewell;
 Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
 The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
 And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, Sir,
 After well-enter'd foldiers, to return
 And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart

Will

* Propping, supporting.

Will not confess it owns the malady
That doth my life besiege: farewell, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy *
(Those 'bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy †) see, that you come
Not to woo Honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy,——take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me. [*To attendants.*
[*Exit.*

1 Lord. Oh, my sweet Lord, that you will stay be-
hind us!——

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 Lord. "Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.——

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. Shall I stay here the forehorse to a smock,

B 3

Creeking

* The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the Higher and the Lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition. The side next the Adriatic was denominated the *Higher Italy*, and the other side the *Lower*. And the two seas followed the same terms of distinction; the Adriatic being called the *Upper sea*, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the *Lower*. Now, the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the Higher Italy, their chief town being Ariminum, now called *Rimini*, upon the Adriatic.

† Italy, at the time of this scene, was under three very different enures. The Emperor, as successor of the Roman Emperors, had one part; the Pope, by a pretended donation from Constantine, another; and the third was composed of free states. Now, by the *last monarchy* is meant the Roman, the last of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the scramble, several states set up for themselves, and became free states; now, these might be said properly to *inherit the fall* of the monarchy.

Creeking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till Honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with? By heav'n I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!—

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin;
good sparks and lustrous. A word, good metals. You
shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one Captain
Spurio with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on
his sinister cheek; it was this very sword intrench'd it;
say to him, I live, and observe his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble Captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices? what will
ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King——— [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the Noble
Lords, you have restrain'd yourself within the list of
too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them, for they
wear themselves in the cap of the time, there to muster
true gate, eat, speak, and move under the influence
of the most receiv'd star: and tho' the devil lead the
measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take
a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most finewy
sword-men. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Enter the King, and Lafew.*

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that hath bought his
pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to ask me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had: so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf.

Laf. Goodfaith, acrofs:—but, my good Lord, 'tis
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity? [thus;

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my Royal fox?
Yes; but you will, an if
My Royal fox could reach them; I have seen a *medicine* *,
'That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor-she: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession †,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit Lafeu.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [Returns] Nay, come your ways.

[Bringing in Helena.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majesty, say your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His Majesty seldom fears; I'm Cressid's uncle,
'That dare leave two together: fare you well. [Exit.

SCENE

* *Medicine* is here put for a *she-physician*.

† By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose
of her coming.

SCENE III.

King. Now, fair one, do's your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good Lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praise toward him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have so;
And hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate; we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that with him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part:
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.

He

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes: great floods have flown,
From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,
When mir'cles have by th' greatest been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that square our guesses by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heav'n we count the act of men,
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent.
Of Heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak:
His

His

His power full sounds within an organ weak;
 And what impossibility would slay
 In common sense, sense saves another way.
 Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
 That happiness and prime can happy call;
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try:
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
 And well deserv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
 But if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
 What husband in thy power I will command.
 Exempted be from me the arrogance
 To chuse from forth the Royal blood of France;
 My low and humble name to propagate
 With any branch or impage of thy state:
 But such a one thy vassal, whom I know
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand, the premisses observ'd,
 Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
 So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
 More should I question thee, and more I must;
 (Though more to know, could not be more to trust;)
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—but rest
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
 Give me some help here, ho! if thou proceed
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Changes to Roussillon.**Enter Countess and Clown.*

Count. Come on, Sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught; I know my business is but to the court.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt; but to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier: ——— it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool

fool in a question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, Sir *,——— there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,———thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,———nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,———spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, Sir*, at your whipping, and *Spare not me*? Indeed, your *O Lord, Sir*, is very frequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my——
O Lord, Sir; I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,———why there't serves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your business; give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you; you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Changes to the Court of France.*

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern, and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming

* A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court.

seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown * fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists——

Par. So I say, both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows——

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis, so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,——

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death,——

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed, if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, what do you call there——

Laf. A shewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should indeed give us †*** a farther use to be made than alone the recovery of the King; as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI. *Enter King, Helena, and attendants.*

Par. I would have said it, you said well. Here comes the King.

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C

Laf.

* *Unknown*, for supernatural.

† Two or three words seem to have been dropt here, which appear to have been to this purpose, give us [notice, that there is of this] a farther use to be made.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a corrantio.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go call before me all the Lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
'Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
'The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice
I have to use; thy frank election make;
'Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please! marry, to each but one.—

Laf. I'd give bay curtain and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

[*She addresses herself to a Lord.*]

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, restor'd
The King to health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your Majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush that thou should'st chuse, but be refus'd;
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice, and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to impartial Love, that god, most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel.

Hel. Thanks, Sir:—all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw Ameface for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threat'ningly replies:

[*To the second Lord.*

Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? If they were sons of mine,
I'd have them whipt, or I would send them to the Turk
to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;

[*To the third.*

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her:
sure they are bastards to the English, the French ne'er
got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

[*To the fourth.*

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,——

Par. I am sure thy father drunk wine.——

Laf. But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a
Youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guided power. This is the man. [*To Bertram.*

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy
wife.

Ber. My wife, my Liege? I shall beseech your Highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your rising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up: strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislike'st
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislike'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropp'd honour: good alone
Is good; and, with a name, vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is good, wise, fair;
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour. That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on ev'ry grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou can'st like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive
to chuse.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go.——

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defend,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,

Proud

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift?
 That doth in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
 We, poizing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
 Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
 Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
 Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I submit
 My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
 What great creation, and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid; I find, that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
 The prized of the King; who, so ennobled,
 Is as 'twere born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
 And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
 A counterpoize; if not in thy estate,
 A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the King
 Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
 And be perform'd to-night? the solemn feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
 Thy love's to me religious; else does err. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Manent Parolles and Lafew.*

Laf. Do you hear, Monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, Sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—my lord? my master?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rouffillon?

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old——

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wife fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial, which if,——Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! so, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser——

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' th' contrary. If ever thou beest bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par.

Par. My Lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past †; *** as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord!——Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of——I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your Lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee. Methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with Lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your

* Here is a line lost after *past*; so that it should be distinguished by a break with asterisks. The very words of the lost line it is impossible to retrieve; but the sense is obvious enough. *For doing I am past*; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour; yet I have still enough to shew the world I can do myself right; *as I will by thee, in what motion* [or in the best manner] *age will give me leave.* Mr. Warburton.

your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VIII. *Enter Bertram.*

Par. Good, very good, it is so then. — Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart!

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me: I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known; to th' wars, my boy to th' wars.

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kickfy-wickfy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: to other regions
France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It shall be so, I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound, there's noise in it. —
'Tis hard;

A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,

The

The King hath done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Enter Helena and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health: she's very merry, but yet she is not well: but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' th' world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heav'n, whither God send her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate Lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good-will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue speaks out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave. This had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the search, Sir, was profitable, and much

much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to-night,
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:
Whose want and whose delay is strew'd with sweets
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' th' King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding:
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

[*Exit Parolles.*

Hel. I pray you.——Come, firrah. [To Clown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Enter Lafew and Bertram.*

Laf. But I hope your Lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes; my Lord; and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; Ay, Sir, he, Sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to Parolles.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, given order for our horses; and to-night, when I should take possession of the bride——and ere I do begin——

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.——God save you, Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my Lord and you, Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my Lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard: and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And shall do so for ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the foul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence. I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, Monsieur; I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil.

[*Exit.*

Par. An idle Lord, I swear.——

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well, and common speech gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

SCENE

SCENE XI. *Enter Helena.*

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, I
Which holds not colour with the time; nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business: therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse, than ask, why I intreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shews itself at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[*Giving a letter.*]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say.

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd,
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe:
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much——nothing, in-
deed——

I would not tell you what I would, my Lord——'faith
yes;——

Strangers

Strangers and foes do funder, and not kifs.

Ber. I pray you, stay not; but in hafte to horfe.

Hel. I fhall not break your bidding, good my Lord.

[*Exit Helena.*]

Ber. Where are my other men, Monsieur?—farewell.

Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,

Whilst I can fhake my fword, or hear the drum:

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's court in Florence.

Flourifh. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords,
with foldiers.

Duke. SO that, from point to point, now have you
The fundamental reafons of this war, [heard
Whofe great decifion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirfts after.

1 Lord. Holy feems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppofer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our coufin France
Would, in fo juft a bufinefs, fhut his bofom
Againft our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my Lord,
The reafons of our ftate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By felf-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, fince I have found
Myfelf in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guefs'd.

Duke. Be it his pleafure.

2 Lord. But I am fure the younger of our nation,
That furreit on their eafe, will day by day
Come here for phyfic.

Duke. Welcome fhall they be:
And all the honours that can fly from us,
Shall on them fettle. You know your places well.

When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to Roussillon in France.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd, all as I would have had it; save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend his ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Reads the letter.]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our old ling, and our Isbels o' th' country, are nothing like your old ling, and your Isbel's o' th' court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*]

Countess reads a letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the misprising of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two foldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your son was run away.

SCENE III. *Enter Helena, and two Gentlemen.*

1 Gent. Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.—

2 Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, Gentlemen, I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son?

2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my passport.

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off; and shew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, Gentlemen?

1 Gent. Ay, Madam; and for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, Lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engross'st all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter.

[*Reading.*]

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France until he have no wife?
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a Lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly Mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of
that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen; I will intreat you,
when you see my son, to tell him, that his sword can never
win the honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you writ-
ten to bear along.

1 *Gent.* We serve you, Madam, in that and all your wor-
thiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gent.*]

SCENE IV.

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Roussillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I

That

That chafe thee from thy country, and expose
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event
 Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
 Of smoaky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim; pierce the still-moving air,
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord.
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
 And though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected. Better 'twere
 I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
 With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere
 That all the miseries which nature owes,
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Roussillon;
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
 My being here it is that holds thee hence.
 Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear. Come, night! end, day!
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Duke's court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.

Duke. The General of our Horse thou art, and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
 To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth,

And Fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Changes to Roussillon in France.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

*I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With faintest vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may lie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-taken; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,

And

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rynaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife;
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger;
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return, and hope I may, that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
 Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
 To make distinction; provide this messenger;
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Changes to a public place in Florence.

A tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other citizens.

Wid. Nay, come. For if they do approach the city,
 we shall lose all the fight.

Dia. They say the French Count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earl; beware of them, Diana; their promises,
 enticements,

enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are the things they go under; many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger found but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, disguis'd like a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so——Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her: God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

He. To St. Jaques le Grand. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. Francis, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*]

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd; [by, The rather, for I think I know your hostess As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France.

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours, That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count Roussillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him; His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 'tis reported; for the King had married him Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, merely truth; I know his lady.

Dia.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself: she is too mean
'To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. Ah! right; good creature! wherefoe'er she is
Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be the am'rous Count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

SCENE VIII. *Drum and Colours.*

Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers and Soldiers attending.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So now they come:
That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife! if he were honest,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentle-
man?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest; yond's that same
knave,

That

That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy!

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' th' battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.——

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he hath spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.*]

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!——

Wid. The troop is pass'd. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: Of injoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Beth. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your Lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your Lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might
at

at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your Lordship present at his examination; if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't; when your Lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of oar will be melted, if you give him not Tom Drum's entertainment *, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE X. *Enter Parolles.*

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox't on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum so lost!

there

* Holingshed, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Scarfeild, (Mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that *his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, Tom Drum's entertainment*; Which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders. Mr. Theobald.

there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own foldiers.

2 *Lord*. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.—

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a foldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant; and to the possibility of foldiership, will subscribe for thee; farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

[*Exit*.

SCENE XI.

1 *Lord*. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my Lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to

to be done; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost emboss'd him, you shall see his fall to night; for, indeed, he is not for your Lordship's respect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first mock'd by the old Lord Lafcu; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

2 *Lord.* I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't please your Lordship. I'll leave you.
[Exit.]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you the las I spoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault; I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' th' wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send; And this is all I've done: she's a fair creature, Will you go see her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my Lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII. *Changes to the Widow's house.*

Enter Helena, and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken.
Is so, from word to word: and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves,
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That she'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
'To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastly absent: after this,
'To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
'That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us.

To

To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a wicked act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it——

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French camp in Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

Lord. **H**E can come no other way but by this hedge corner; when you fall upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good Captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' th' adversaries' entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock; within these three hours 'twill be
E 2 time

time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door: I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel——

Lord. How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

Lord. *Throco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom:—do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him, and blindfold him.*

[*Inter.*

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know, you are the Muskos regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Inter. Boskos vaurvado; I understand thee, and can
speak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto*,—Sir, betake thee to
thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.

Mancha ravancha dulce,

Lord. Ofceoribi dulchos volivorco.

Int. The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew;
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit.*

[*A short alarm within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count Rouffillon and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the widow's house.*

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontibell*.

Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled goddess,

And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument.

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.

My mother did but duty: such, my Lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that!

I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows:

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true;

What is not holy that we swear, not 'bides;—

But take the High'st to witness; then, pray tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? This has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths

Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd;

At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts

That you do charge men with: stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever

My

My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring;
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My house, my honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-
I'll order take my mother shall not hear. [window;
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed.
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: you have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee. [Exit.

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;

Only,

Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Changes to the French camp in Florence.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since; there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleeth his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors; and as, in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhor'd ends; so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace. I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Exit.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Roufillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her death itself (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordship will next morning

morning for France. The Duke hath offer'd him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV. *Enter Bertram.*

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his Lordship now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy: and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste to your Lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit medal: h'as deceiv'd me, like a double meaning prophetier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your worship already: the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' th' stocks; and what, think you, he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your Lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Parolles, with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

Int. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I said (I will say true) or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what strength they are afoot, What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see; Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing; but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' th' camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks it were not possible with well weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him; he was a brother's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowly.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day, to turn him

him out o' th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good fadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

Int. *Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rouffillon, a foolish idle boy; but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter reads the letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before.

And say, a soldier (Dian) told thee this:

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.

For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, Sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent foldier.

VOL. III.

F

Ber.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i' th' stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain Dumain: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think Truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty; he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the English tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldiership I know not; except in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart-d'ecu, he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Int.

Int. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' th' same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his Horse, Count Roussillon.

Int. I'll whisper with the General, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? *[Aside.]*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die; the General says, you that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[Unbinding him.]*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble Captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Roussillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well. *[Exeunt.]*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Int. If you could find out a country where but women

were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir; I am for France too, we shall speak of you there. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain, I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As Captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them.

}
[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Changes to the widow's house at Florence.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd
One of the greatest in the Christian world [you,
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a desired office
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
'Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy! you must know,
I am supposed dead; the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistress,

Ever

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
 To recompense your love: doubt not, but Heav'n
 Hath brought me up to your daughter's dower,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive *,
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When Fancy, trusting of the cozen'd thoughts,
 Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play
 With what it loaths, for that which is away,
 But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
 (Under my poor instructions,) yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions, I am yours
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
 But with the word the time will bring on summer;
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,
 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown;
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Roussillon in France.*

Enter Countess, Lafew, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snip't-
 taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have
 made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his
 colour †. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this
 hour; and your son here at home, more advantaged by
 the King, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! It was the death
 of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had
 praise for creating; if she had partaken of my flesh, and
 cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have
 owed her a more rooted love.

F 3-

Laf.

* *Motive for assiant.*

† Alluding to two fashions then in vogue; one of using yellow
 starch for their ruffs and bands, the other of colouring pale with
 saffron.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallets ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the faller, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not faller-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir; I have not much skill in grafs.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my folly, Sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a Frenchman?

Clo. 'Faith, Sir, he has an English name; but his philosophy is more honour'd in France than there*.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, Sir, *alias* the prince of darkness, *alias* the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire; but, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many

* Alluding to the darker complexions of the French.

many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature.

[Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and indeed he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my Lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His Highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that hope, that I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Enter

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam! yonder's my Lord, your son, with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face*.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France, at Marseilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two attendants.

Hel. **B**UT this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it.
But since you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to

The

* The joke, such as it is, consists in the allusion to a wound made with a carabine; arms which Henry IV. had made famous by bringing into use amongst his horse. Mr. Warburton.

The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well* yet,

Tho' time seem so adverse, and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Roussillon,
Whither I'm going.

Hel. I beseech you, Sir,

Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Changes to Roussillon.*

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. Levatch, give my Lord Lafew this
letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you,
when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I
am now, Sir, muddled in Fortune's moat, and smell some-
what strong of her strong displeasure.

Cl. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but stuttish, if it
smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth
eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the
wind.

Par.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from Fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafew.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, Sir, or Fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that hath fall'n into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my families of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do! 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *quart-d'ecu* for you: let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your Honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee

thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her, our esteem*
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my Liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' th' blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife.
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfections, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd Mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him
hither;

We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury

Th' in-

* *Esteem* is here used for *estimation*, in the sense of *worth, estate*.

'Th' incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my Liege.

[*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter! Have you
spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me,

That set him high in fame.

SCENE IV. *Enter Bertram.*

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
'Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorch'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt; but love that comes too late,

Like

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
 To the great sinner turns a four offence,
 Crying, that's good that's gone: our rash faults
 Make trivial price of serious * things we have,
 Not knowing them until we know their grave.
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends, and, after, weep their dust;
 Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
 Be this sweet Helen's knell; and now **forget** her.
 Send forth your amorous token for fair **Maudlin**,
 The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
 To see our widower's second marriage-day:

Count. Which better than the first, O dear Heav'n blest,
 Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
 Must be digested: give a favour from you
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
 That she may quickly come. By my old beard,

[*Bertram gives a ring.*]

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
 Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
 The last time e'er she took her leave at court,
 I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it: for mine eye,
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
 This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
 I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
 Necessitated to help, that by this token
 I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
 Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
 Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
 The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
 I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
 At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it.
 In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,

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G

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so—
And yet I know not—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My forepast proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit *Bertram guarded.*]

SCENE V. *Enter a gentleman.*

King. I'm wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,

Whether

Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
 Here's a petition from a Florentine,
 Who hath some four or five removes come short
 To tender it herself. - I undertook it,
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
 Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
 Is here attending: her business looks in her
 With an importing visage; and she told me,
 In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
 Your Highness with herself.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Roussillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: grant it me, O King, in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for him: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafew, To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors: Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the life of Helen (Lady)
 Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you,
 And that you fly them as you swear to them;
 Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow, and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine,
 Derived from the ancient Capulet;
 My suit, as I do understand, you know,
 And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour
 Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
 And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count? do you know these women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter,
you are no husband for her. [To Bertram.]

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to freind,
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his;
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce

So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' th' world tax'd and debosh'd,
Which nature sickens with: but to speak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
'That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint;
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy: and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:

You that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me *. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

SCENE VI. *Enter Parolles.*

Ber. My Lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you!—
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

G 3

King.

* *i. e.* Use me harshly. A phrase taken from the severe methods taken in curing the venereal disorder.

King. Tell me, firrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him,
which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; did he love this
woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an e-
quivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty ora-
tor.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between
them, as I said: but more than that, he lov'd her; for
indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of
limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was
in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of
their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising
her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to
speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou can'st
say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evi-
dence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia.

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou die'st within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, Royal Sir.

[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, [*To Bertram.*
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle; one that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, and Widow.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

Hel.

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter. This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living? [*To the Countess.*

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief,

[*To Parolles.*
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport
with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To Diana.*
Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE KING.

The King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

TWELFTH

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, <i>Duke of Illyria.</i>	Fabian, <i>servant to Olivia.</i>
Sebastian, <i>a young Gentleman, brother to Viola.</i>	Malvolio, <i>a fantastical steward to Olivia.</i>
Antonia, <i>a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.</i>	Clown, <i>servant to Olivia.</i>
Valentine, } <i>Gentlemen attending</i>	Olivia, <i>a lady of great beauty and fortune, beloved by the Duke.</i>
Curio, } <i>on the Duke.</i>	Viola, <i>in love with the Duke.</i>
Sir Toby Belch, <i>uncle to Olivia.</i>	Maria, <i>Olivia's woman.</i>
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, <i>a foolish knight, pretending to Olivia.</i>	Priests, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.
<i>A sea-captain, friend to Viola.</i>	

SCENE, a city on the coast of Illyria.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. **I**F music be the food of love, play on;
 "Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting
 "The appetite, love may sicken, and so die.
 "That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
 "O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
 "That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 "Stealing, and giving odour." Enough!—no more;
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch foe'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute; so full of shapes in fancy,
 That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer.
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a-day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine; all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
Three sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
(O sweet perfection!) with one self-same King!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The street.*

Enter Viola, a Captain, and sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this!

Cap. Illyria, Lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.——

Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, Madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure

Affure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat; I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
'To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino*! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
'That dy'd some twelvemonths since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit.
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth

Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee,
 I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character:
 I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 For such disguise as, haply, shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An apartment in Olivia's house.*

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine, I'll confine myself no finer than I am; these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-check?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To.

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,——almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench? *Castiliano volto**; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-check.

SCENE IV. *Enter Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.——

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: *Accost* is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her

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H

Sir And.

* In English, Put on your Castilian countenance; that is, your graven-solemn looks.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accoft*?

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, Miftrefs, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an afs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my finger's ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *Pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

Sir And.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Duke himself here, hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' th' Duke: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world. I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What, is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water, but in a cinque-pace. What dost thou mean? it is a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!——excellent.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace.**Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. — Cesario, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her; Be not deny'd access; stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofit return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love; Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect,

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it: For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part.

I know

I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair: some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your Lady; yet a barrful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to Olivia's house.*

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or
I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in
way of thy excuse; my Lady will hang thee for thy ab-
sence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this
world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where
that saying was born, of *I fear no colours.*

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in
your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and
those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,
or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to
you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;
and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or if
both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way;
if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a
piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my Lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.*

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into a good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and that I am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? Better be a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madona, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the Lady bade take away the fool; therefore I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree.—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madona, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it!

Clo. Dexterously, good Madona.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, Madona; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madona, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, Madona.

Oli. I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo.

Clo. The more fool you, Madona, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n. Take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' Zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with pleasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home: what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now,
you

you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madona, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*!—

SCENE VIII. *Enter Sir Toby.*

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman-heir,——A plague o' these pickle herring! how now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery? I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle: for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madona, and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand
at

at your door like a sheriff's post *, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [Exit.

SCENE IX. *Enter Maria.*

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orfino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty — I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible †, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me

* Heretofore all proclamations by the King, all appointments of the rates of wages by the justices of peace, and other things of the like nature, were sent to the sheriff of each county, who was obliged to promulgate them not only by causing them to be read in every market-town, but by affixing them to some convenient place within it: for which purpose great posts or pillars were erected in each such town, and these were called *sheriff's posts*.

† *Comptible*, for ready to call to account.

me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve: but this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli.

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is herefy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your Lord to negotiate with my face; you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I wear this present; is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in-grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, Two lips indifferent red. *Item*, Two gray eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, One neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,

A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabbin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write royal canto's of conterrned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes; yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, Lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman —— I'll be sworn thou art.

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee fivefold blazon —— Not too fast —— soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man —— How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be ——
What ho, Malvolio, ——

Enter

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him: I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, shew thy force; ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so!

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The street.

Enter Antonio, and Sebastian.

Ant. **W**ILL you stay no longer? nor will you
not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly
over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps,
distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your
leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad
recompence for your love, to lay any of them on
you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
bound.

Seb. No, sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is mere
extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch
of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I
am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in man-
ners the rather to express myself. You must know of
me then, Antonio, my name is *Sebastian*; which I call'd
Rodorigo; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*.
whom I know you have heard of. He left behind
him, myself, and a sister, both born in one hour; if
the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended!

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I

but

but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not [with such estimable wonder *] overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare you well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Duke Orsino's court; farewell.

[*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have made enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, The danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viola, and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it so.

Vio.

* This is an interpolation of the players.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charn'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That sure methought her eyes had cross'd her tongue; For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my Lord's ring; why, he sent her none. I am the man—If it be so, (as 'tis;) Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it, for the proper false In womens' waxen heart to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we, For such as we are made, if such we be. How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly, And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. What will become of this! as I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman, (now, alas the day!) What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe? O time, thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Changes to Olivia's house.*

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it, as an unfill'd can; to be up after midnight, and to go to 'bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go

to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say: but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. Maria! I say!—a sloop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, afs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i' faith: I sent thee sixpence for thy lemon; hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity *; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song——

Sir To. Come on, there's sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown Sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journey's end in lover's meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And.

* He means to say, *impocket thy gratuity.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure;
In decay there lies no plenty:
Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight.* I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

SCENE IV. *Enter Maria.*

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, Malvolio's a *Peg-a-Ramsay*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? *Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

[*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,——[Singing.

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My Masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your cottiers * catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneek up!—— [Hiccoughs.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.

Clo. What, an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoop of wine, Maria.——

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means

* Rustic, clownish.

means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him!

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd * ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself: so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very 'like my Lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And.

* Affectioned, for full of affection.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadst need fend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou hast her not i' th' end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music; now, good morrow, friends: Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song, we heard last night; Methought it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs, and recollected * terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

Cur.

* Recollected for studied.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the jester, my Lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio. [Music.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all notions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. "It gives a very echo from the seat
"Where love is thron'd."

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. "Too old, by Heav'n; let still the woman take
"An elder than herself, so wears she to him;
"So sways she level in her husband's heart."
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than womens' are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the song we had last night.—
Mark

Mark it, Cefario, it is old and plain;
 "The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 "And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 "Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
 "And tallies with the innocence of love,
 "Like the old age."

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musie.*

SONG.

"Come away, come away, death,
 "And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 "Fly away, fly away, breath;
 "I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 "My shroud of white, sluck all with yew,
 "O, prepare it.
 "My part of death no one so true
 "Did share it.
 "Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 "On my black coffin let there be strown:
 "Not a friend, not a friend greet
 "My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
 "A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 "Lay me, O! where
 "True lover never find my grave,
 "To weep there."

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir: I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal*. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent no where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit.

SCENE

* A precious stone of almost all colours. Mr. Pope.

SCENE VI.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That Nature pranks, her mind, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir——

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's fides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship——

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. 'A blank, my Lord: she never told her love,
' But let Concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
' Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
' And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
' She sat like Patience on a monument,

' Smiling

‘Smiling at grief.’ Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy’d thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I’m all the daughters of my father’s house,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not——
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that’s the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Changes to Olivia’s garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I’ll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boil’d to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would’st thou not be glad to have the nig-
gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know he brought me
out of favour with my Lady, about a bear baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we’ll have a bear again; and
we will fool him black and blue; shall we not, Sir An-
drew?

Sir And. An we do not, it’s pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my
nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio’s
coming down this walk, he has been yonder i’ th’ sun
practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour.
Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this
letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in
the name of jesting! lie thou there; for here comes the
trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Throws down a letter, and Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *Enter Malvolio.*

Mal. ’Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself
come

come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.——

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,——

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the Trachy * married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

Sir To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye?——

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my uncle Toby——

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. 'Toby approaches, courtesies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

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K

Fab.

* That is, Thrace. It was common to use the article *the* before names of places. And this was no improper instance, where the scene was in Illyria.

Fab. Though our silence, be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, Uncle Toby, my fortunes have cast me off your neice, give me this prerogative of speech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew,——

Sir And. I knew, 'tis I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace? now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: these be her very C's and U's and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. *To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes;* her very phrases. By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal? 'tis my Lady: to whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. *Jove knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man must know.* No man must know—what follows; the number's alter'd—no man must know—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore; but silence, like a Lucrece knife,*

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth sway my life—nay, but first, let me see——let me see——

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the stanyel checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal * capacity. There is no obstruction in this——and the end——what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly,—*M. O. A. I.*——

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—*Ma'volio*——*M.*——why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out: the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.——This simulation † is not as the former—and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose——*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee.*

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* Formal, for common.

† Simulation, for resemblance.

thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, the fortunate and happy. Day-light and champaign discover no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow-stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.—Jove, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

SCENE IX. *Enter Maria.*

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *aqua vite* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady; he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar; thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. **S**AVE thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the King lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, Sir; to see this age! — A sentence is but a chev'rill glove * to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; but

K 3

indeed

* A glove made of a kid's skin.

indeed words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, Sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings; the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress; I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

[*Gives him a piece of money.*]

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My Lady is within, Sir, I will confer to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say, clement; but the word is over-worn.

[*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,

And,

And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 The quality of the persons, and the time;
 And, like the haggard, check at every feather
 That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
 As full of labour as a wise man's art:
 For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
 But wise mens' folly-fall'n, quite taints their wit.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; vostre serviteur.*

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.—

Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heav'n's rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own most pregnant * and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: — I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*]

SCENE III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio.

* Pregnant, for ready.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir? "Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

Y'are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;—
I bade you never speak again of him;
But would you undertake another suit,
I'd rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear Lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your re-
ceiving*

Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grace: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

Be

* i. e. To one of your ready apprehension.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward hoe:—

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But rather reason thus with reason fetter;

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has: nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good Madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Changes to an apartment in Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, 'faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Duke's serving-man, than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't i' th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her with some excellent jests fire-new from the mint; you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd. The double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, "and you are now fail'd into the north of my Lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard," unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curt and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink;
if

if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a goosepen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you!

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

SCENE V.

Fab. This is a deat manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren * of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond gull Malvolio is turned Heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church: I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter that I
dropt

* The wren is remarkable for laying many eggs at a time, nine or ten, and sometimes more: and as she is the smallest of birds, the last of so large a brood may be supposed to be little indeed, which is the image intended here to be given of Maria:

dropt to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map; with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my Lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to the street.*

Enter Sebastian, and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you. But since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire (More sharp than filed steel) did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (tho' so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Anthonio, I can no other answer make, but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay; But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the relics * of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me: I do not without danger walk these streets. Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies,

* *Relics, for curiosities.*

I did some service, of such note, indeed
'That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,
Molt of our city did. Only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To th' Elephant,——

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Olivia's house.*

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him; he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.——

Where is Malvolio? he is fad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming. Madam; but in very strange man-
He is sure possess'd, Madam. [ner.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile; your
VOL. III L Ladyship

Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, Lady? I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood; this cross-gartering; but what of it? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs; it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know that sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kists thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness.—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatness——

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them——

Oli. Heav'n restore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings.——

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd——

Oli.

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is a very midsummer-madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly intreat him back; he attends your Ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle Toby? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for half of my dowry. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she;—be opposite with a kinsman,——surly with servants,——let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;——and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not Malvolio, not after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE IX. *Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

L 2

Fab.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? what! man, defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. — Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How, now, Mistress?

Mar. O Lord! —

Sir To. Prythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir? —

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all: you are idle shallow things. I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

SCENE X. *Enter Sir Andrew.*

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his Lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

SCENE XI. *Enter Olivia and Viola.*

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [Exeunt.]

Ol. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's something in me, that reproves my fault:
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Ol. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;

And,

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

SCENE XII. *Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.*

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interpreter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorce'd three; and his incensment at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless
you

you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.]

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrament; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XIII.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good.

good shew on't — 'This shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Fabian, and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. [To *Fabian*.]

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [They draw.]

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath!

SCENE XIV. *Enter Anthonio.*

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.]

Sir To. You, Sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[Drawing.]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[To *Sir Andrew*.]

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you,

you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot: I know your favour well;
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.
What will you do? now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself: you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heav'ns themselves! —

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise

Most

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

I Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this god:
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blenish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

I Off. The man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit Antonio with Officers.*]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight: come hither, Fabian;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him: and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—— [*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The street.**Enter Sebastian, and Clown.*

Clo. **W**ILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith; no, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not *Master Cesario*; nor this is not my nose neither; nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly some where else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!—he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pry'thee now ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek *, depart from me, there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand; these wise men that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase †.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

[*Striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there; are all the people mad?

[*Beating Sir Andrew.*]*Sir. To.*

* *Greek*, was as much as to say *bawd* or *pander*. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called *Corinth*, and the frequenters of it *Corinthians*; which words occur frequently in Shakespeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, *Henry IV.*

† This seems to carry a piece of satyr upon *monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding Sebastian.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria; though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir; I will not let you go. Come, my young foldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

SCENE II. *Enter Olivia.*

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cefario:——

Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:
Do not deny; beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would thou'dst be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An apartment in Olivia's house.*

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man, and a good house-keeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a graceful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby; "for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduck, that that is, is; so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?"

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

[*Malvolio within.*]

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

[*This, and what follows from the Clown, in a counterfeit voice.*]

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my Lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou of nothing but ladies?

Sir To. Well, said, Master Parson.

Mal.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darknefs.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest; I say, there is no darknefs but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused; I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darknefs; thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters *. [*This in his own voice.*

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I

M 2

would

† A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief.

would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exit with Maria.]

SCENE IV.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my Lady does.

[Singing.]

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;——

Clo. She loves another——who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as we'll! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heav'ns restore; endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.
[In a counterfeit voice.]

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. [In the counterfeit voice.]

Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas——[In his own voice.]

Marry, amen. [Counterfeit]——I will, Sir, I will.
[In his own voice.]

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am silent for speaking to you.

Mal.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I set down to my Lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I pr'ythee be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,*

[Singing.

I'll be with you again

In a trice, like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain:

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,

Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu good man drive!

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to another apartment in Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious fun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwarps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit*,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;—
For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse†,

M 3

That

* Credit, for account, information.

† Instance, for sense; discourse, for reason.

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust, but that I'm mad,
 Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As I perceive she does; there's something in't
 That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,
 Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry by; there before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heav'n's so
 shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

Fab. **N**OW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompense desire
 my dog again.

Enter

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an afs of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an afs; so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusion to be asked, is, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no, though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your Grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but,

as

as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smok of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phoenix and her freight from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir: drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear
Hast made mine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint;
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose myself (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverse town;

Drew

Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;
 And grew a twenty years removed thing,
 While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my Lord; and for three months before
 (No *interim*, not a minute's vacancy)
 Both day and night did we keep company.

SCENE III. *Enter Olivia and attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Countess; now heav'n walks
 on earth.

But for thee, fellow; thy words are madness.
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
 But more of that anon—Take him aside.—

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,——

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*? Good my Lord—

Vio. My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my Lord,
 It is as flat and fulsome to mine ear
 As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, Lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? You uncivil Lady,
 To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars
 My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out,
 That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my Lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,
 Like to th' Egyptian thief *, at point of death.

Kill

* The Egyptian thief was *Thyamis*. See the story in the *The-
 agines* and *Chariclea* of *Heliodorus*.

Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy,
That sometimes favours nobly.) But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument,
That screws me from my true place in your favour;
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still:
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*]

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest a thousand deaths would die. [*following.*]

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life;

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witness above

Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you! who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away.

[*To Viola.*]

Oli. Whither, my Lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my Lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up:

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art:

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,

Here to unfold (tho' lately we intended

To keep in darkness, what occasion now

Reveals.

Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy clove of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest——

Oli. O do not swear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

SCENE IV. *Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send one
presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head across, and given Sir
Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your
help. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Duke's gentleman, one Cefario; we
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardi-
nate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cefario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings here he is. You broke my
head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to
do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, and the Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have
hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.
Here

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman; how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't. Sot, didst see Dick furgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure Painim. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be drefs'd together.

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clo. To. and And.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

SCENE V. *Enter Sebastian.*

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman: But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[*All stand in amaze.*]

You throw a strange regard on me, by which I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons; A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio!

Ant. How have you made division of yourself? An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there! I never had a brother: Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*]

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!"

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul;
He finished, indeed, his mortal act.
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maids' weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this Noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this Lady and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook:

[*To Olivia.*]

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

[*To Vio.*]

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire,
That fevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maids' garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman! he's much distract.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy * of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds Belzebub at the slave's
end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ
a letter to you, I should have given't you to-day morn-
ing. But as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it
skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool de-
livers the madman.—*By the Lord, Madam,*—

[*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam; I do but read madness: an your
Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee read it i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madona; but to read his right wits, is
to read thus: therefore perpend, my Princess, and give
ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

[*To Fabian.*

Fab. [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me,
and the world shall know it: though you have put me into
darkness,*

* i. e. A frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its
own object.

darkness, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame: think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly us'd Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Ok. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister, as a wife;

One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house; and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [*To Viola.*
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding;
(And since you call'd me master for so long,)
Here is my hand you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister,———you are she.

SCENE VII. *Enter Malvolio.*

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same. How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no. [*wrong.*]

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand.

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;

Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then;

And tell me in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:

And acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me, why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st thou smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd *
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;
'This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Sir Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Glo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, Sir; but that's all one:—*by the Lord, fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, Madam,—why laugh you at such a barren rascal! an you smile not, he's gagg'd: and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.*

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;

When

* *Presuppos'd for imposed.*

When that is known, and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
 (For so you shall be while you are a man;)
 But when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

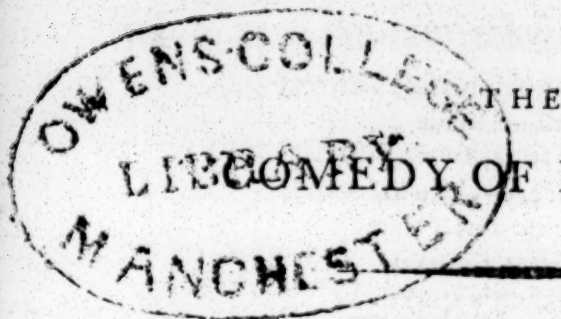
Clown sings.

* *When that I was a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.
 But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain, &c.
 But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain, &c.
 But when I came unto my beds,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain, &c.
 A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 But that's all one, our play is done;
 And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[*Exit.*
The

N 3

* This poor Ruff appears to be the players, not Shakespeare's.



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SALINUS, Duke of Ephesus.	A Merchant, friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.
Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse.	Dr. Pinch, a schoolmaster, and a conjurer.
Antipholis of Ephesus, } Twin-brothers, sons to Ægeon and Æmilia, but unknown to each other.	Æmilia, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
Antipholis of Syracuse, }	Adriana, wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.
Dromio of Ephesus, } Twin-brothers, and slaves to the two Antipholis's.	Luciana, sister to Adriana.
Dromio of Syracuse, }	Luce, servant to Adriana.
Balthazar, a merchant.	Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.
Angelo, a goldsmith.	

SCENE, Ephesus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. **P**ROCEED, Salinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more:
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity, and discord, which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
I have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,)
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars

'Twill

* The plot take from the *Menachmi* of Plautus.

'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
 T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns;
 Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
 Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs;
 Again, if any Syracusan born
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies:
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied
 To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
 My woes end likewise with the evening-sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause,
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou can'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my grief unspeakable:
 Yet that the world may witness, that my end
 Was wrought by nature *, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me;
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
 With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
 And the great care of goods at random left,
 Drew me from kind embracement of my spouse;
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
 There she had not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,

As

* i. e. By a natural event, by the course of Providence.

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins both alike:
Those (for the parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return:
Unwilling, I agreed: alas, too soon!
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we fail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death:
Which tho' myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
(Weeping before, for what she saw must come,)
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The sailors fought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm; and we discover'd
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this;

But

But ere they came—Oh, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us.
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst:
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blifs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years, became inquisitive
After his brother: and importun'd me,
That his attendant (for his case was like
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And coasting homeward, came to Ephesus:
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,

Or

Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap:
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
(Which princes, would they, may not disannul;)
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

[*Exeunt Duke, and train.*]

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[*Exeunt Ægeon, and Jailor.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to the street.*

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnus,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west:
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,

And

And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then; I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

SCENE III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get,
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen inquisitive confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon? rather approach'd too late
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek,
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;

The

The meat is cold, because you come not home;
 You come not home, because you have no stomach:
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
 Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—sixpence that I had a Wednesday last,
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
 The saddler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
 Tell me and dally not, where is the money?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
 So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner:
 I from my mistress come to you in post;
 If I return, I shall be post indeed;
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir Knave, have done your foolishness;
 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the
 mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, Sir, to dinner;
 My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a Christian answer me,
 In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
 Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
 That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
 Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
 Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
 But not a thousand marks between you both.——
 If I should pay your Worship those again,
 Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks; what mistress, slave, hast
 thou?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Your Worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner;
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir Knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir, for God's sake hold
your hands;

Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye;
Drug-working forcerers that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches that deform the body;

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like libertines of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:

I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. **N**EITHER my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.

A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

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O

Adr.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heav'n's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls.
Men more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,
Endu'd with intellectual sense and soul,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowl,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause:
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me;
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

SCENE II. *Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my
two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou
his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told me his mind upon mine ear.
Besheiw his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his
meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well
feel

feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold mad; but sure he's stark
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, [mad:
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I? My gold, quoth he;
Will you come home, quoth I? My gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he;
My mistress, Sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face?

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it.

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault: he's master of my state.
 What ruins are in me, that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A funny look of his would soon repair.
 But, too unruly dear, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
 I know his eye doth homage other-where;
 Or else what lets it, but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;
 Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
 I see the jewel best enameled,
 Will lose his beauty; and the gold bides still,
 That others touch; yet often touching will
 Wear gold: and so no man that hath a name,
 But falsehood, and corruption, doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to the street.*

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
Your house was at the Phoenix? wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beats *Dro.*

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest is
earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport?
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method * in your scone †.

O 3

SCENE

* *Method*, for instruction.

† ——— your scone.

S. Dro. Scone, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had
rather have it a head; an you use these blows long, I must get a
scone for my head, and inscone it too, or else I shall seek my wit
in my shoulders. But, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath
a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and when wherefore, for urging
it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season.

When,

SCENE V. *Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst vow,
' That never words were music to thine ear,
' That never object pleasing in thine eye,
' That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
' That

When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Left it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. By what rule Sir!

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scant'd men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro.

' That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,
 ' Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd or carv'd.'
 How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
 That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me.
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:
 For know, my love, as easy may't thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
 I know thou can'st; and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:

For

S. Dro. For two, and found ones too.

Ant. Nay, not found, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in trying; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but, soft! who wafts us yonder?

SCENE, &c.

For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
 I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not;
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk *.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with
 When were you wont to use my sister thus? [you!
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,
 That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
 Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir, I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spoke with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
 Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
 To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
 Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt †,
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
 "Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:
 "Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
 "Makes me with thy strength to communicate;
 "If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
 "Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
 "Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 "Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion."

Ant.

*——as to your talk.

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother, &c.

† Exempt for estranged.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme;
 What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives out eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner *.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, Sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate;
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,
 And thrive you of a thousand idle pranks;
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter;
 Come, sister; Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so;
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.

Exeunt.
 ACT

*———spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the Fairy land: oh, spight of spights!
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,
 They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

S. Dro. I am transform'd, Master, am not I?

Ant. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, Master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No; I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
 But I should know her, as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, &c.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The street before Antipholis's house.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. Ant. **G**OOD Signior Angelo, you must excuse us;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet;
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this †?
I think thou art an afs.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear;
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs.

E. Ant. Y'are fad, Signior Balthazar. Pray God, our
cheer

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here †.
But

† ——— mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir; but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, &c.

† ——— good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but
words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft, &c.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

S. Dro. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door †.
Adr.

†——get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the
street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold
on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me where-
fore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

E. Dro. Nor to day here you must not: come again when you
may.

E. Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I
owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other nickle blame.

If thou had'st been *Dromio* to-day in my place.

'Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for
an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there, *Dromio*? who are those at

E. Dro. Let my master in, *Luce*. [the gate?]

Luce. 'Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh;

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou hast answer'd him
well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion; you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, No.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well struck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that, &c.

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir Knave! go get you from the door*.

E. Ant. Go get thee gone, fetch me an iron-crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir: Oh, let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once, this,—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse,

Why at this time the doors are barr'd against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let us to the Tyger all to dinner;

And about evening come yourself alone,

To

* *Adr.* —— get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this *knave* would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In Debating which was best, we shall have part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's something in the wind that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wastest breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feathers, master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, &c.

To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common rout,
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
 For slander lives upon succession;
 For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,
 Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too gentle;
 There will we dine; this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
 And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made;
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
 For there's the house: that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
 Upon mine hostess there. Good Sir, make haste:
 Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expence.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholis,
 Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness;
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
 Look sweet, speak fair; become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;
 Bear a fair pretence, tho' your heart be tainted:
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:
 Shame hath a baltard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us;
 Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve:
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
S. Ant. Sweet mistress (what your name is else I know
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,) [not;
 Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
 Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit;
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field!
 Are you a God? would you create me new?
 Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then well I know,
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine;
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
 Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
 Sing, Syren, for thyself, and I will doat;
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie:

And in that glorious supposition * think,
He gains by death, that hath such means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

S. Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, Sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will.

[*Exit Luciana.*]

SCENE III. *Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio, where run'st thou
so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I Dromio? am I
your man? am I myself?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art
thyself.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides
myself.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thy-
self?

* *Supposition*, for the thing lain open.

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, besides myself; I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such a claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage!

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them, will burn a Lapland winter: if she lives till Doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart like my shog, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. *Nell*, Sir:—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, laid in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir *.——

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. 'Faith I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires; declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carraets to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge of the devil, this diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel †.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently; post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till you return to me;
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here:

P 3.

And

* Henry IV. of France. At that time the league was in arms against him.

† Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power, of transforming men into animals but a great share of faith.

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
 She that doth call me husband, even my soul
 Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself.
 But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis, —

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine;
 The chain, unfinish'd, made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, Sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times, you have:
 Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
 And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now;
 For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell.
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
 I see a man here needs not live by gifts,
 When in the streets he meets such golden shifts.
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
 If any ship put out, then straight away.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. **Y**OU know, since Pentecost the sum is due;
 And since I have not much importun'd you;

Nor

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholis;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o' clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, as
from the courtesan's.*

Off. That labour you may save: see, where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft; I see the goldsmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy rope!
[*Exit Dromio.*]

E. Ant. A man is well help up, that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together, therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, the chargeful fashion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd;
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. Ant. No: bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman;
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Poreupine:

I should have chid you for not bringing it:

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now.
Or send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good Sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to
say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at thy suit.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey
me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ant. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;

I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II. *Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.*

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, she bears away. Our freightage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master and yourself.

E. Ant. How now, a madman! why, thou peevish
sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire wastage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight,

Give her this key; and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats, let her send it.

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave; be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,

Where Dowdabel did claim me for her husband;

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, altho' against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE III. *Changes to E. Antipholis's house.**Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
 Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
 That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
 Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
 What observation mad'st thou in this case,
 Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face *?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
 First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
 My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will,
 He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
 Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
 Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
 No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
 And yet would he in others' eyes were worse:
 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
 My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.

SCENE IV. *Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now,
 make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr.

* Alluding to those meteors in the sky which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar Limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel:
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that commands
The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well; but he's in a suit of buff which he 'rested him, that I can tell. Will you send him, Mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,

[*Exit Luciana.*

*That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone*.

Enter

* ———— that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter, &c.

Enter Luciana.

Alr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister, I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to the street.*

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesse;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me filks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for; what,
have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new-ap-
parell'd *?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou
mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but
that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the
calves skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came
behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake
your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain case; he that went
like a base-viol in a case of leather; the man, Sir,
that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and
'rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men,
and gives 'em suits of durance; he that sets up his
rest

* Alluding to the coat of skins made for Adam after the fall,
and the leathern coat worn by the officer who made the arrest.

rest * to do more exploits with his mace, than a Maurice pike †.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, God give you good rest!

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

SCENE VI. *Enter a Courtezian.*

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholis,
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not ‡.

VOL. III.

Q

Cour

* *Sets up his rest*, is a phrase taken from military exercise. When gunpowder was first invented, its force was very weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortened their arms and artillery; so that the cannon which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces, when they gave fire, with a rest stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. Mr. Warburton.

† *i. e.* A pikeman of Prince Maurice's army. He was the greatest General of that age, and the conductor of the low country wars against Spain, under whom all the English Gentry and Nobility were bred to the service. Being frequently overborn with numbers, he became famous for his fine retreats in which a stand of pikes is of great service. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits.

‡ — tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistress Satan? —

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-
stone; but she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise; and if you give it her, the devil will
shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! come, Dromio, let us
go †. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Manet Courtezan.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad;
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own door being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she
comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the
wenches say, God dam me; that's as much as to say, God make
me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of
light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light
wenches will burn: come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you
go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long
spoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with
the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring, &c.

†———let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; Mistress, that you know.

SCENE, &c.

[*Excunt.*]

On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest chuse;
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the street.*

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a Jailor.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you 'twould sound harshly in her ears.——

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, Sir; have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir; and to that end am I
return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[Beats Dromio.

Off. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient; I am in ad-
versity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might
not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and
so is an ass.

Q²

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I am an afs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot†, beware the rope's-end. —

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats Dromio.

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer,

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers;
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight,
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant.

† This alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed, Sir, my parrot prophesies.*

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and
scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, she did, the kitchen vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good will you
might,
But surely, Master, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-
day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confefs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
'To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor thou,
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them
'To make a rescue?

Off. Masters: let him go;

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[They bind Antipholis and Dromio.]

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. Oh, most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me!

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; sister, stay you with me.

[Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis, and Dromio.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

SCENE

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, and Courtesan.

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and
Dromio of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy, they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*]

Manent Antipholis, and Dromio.

S. Ant. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from
you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuff from
thence:

I long that we were safe and found aboard.

S. Dro. 'Faith, stay here this night; they will surely
do us no harm; you saw, they spake us fair, gave us
gold; methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but
for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of
me,

me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A street, before a priory.

Enter the Merchant, and Angelo.

Ang. **I** AM sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Tho' most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer.

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
'To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, Master, run; for God's sake, take a house;
This is some priory; in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy * of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme:

In company, I often glanc'd at it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings;

Unquiet meals make ill digestions;

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever, but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls.

' Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

' But moody and dull melancholy,

[Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair †,].

' And at her heels a huge infectious troop

' Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?"

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly;

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to mine own reproof.

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands;

Till

* By *copy* here is to be understood *abundance*, *fulness*, as *copia* signifies in Latin.

† This line seems to be spurious.

Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir.
Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

[*Exit Abbess.*]

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither;
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

SCENE III.

*Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed; with the headf-
man, and other officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,

If

If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholis my husband,
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,) this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desp'rately he hurry'd through the street,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant mad himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
'To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate;
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

SCENE IV. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself;
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,

Whose

Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here,
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
 To scotch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: guard with
 halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband; witness you,
 That he is borne about invisible!
 Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
 And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

SCENE V.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant me
 justice.

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
 When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
 Deep scars to save thy life, even for the blood
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Egeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me doat,
 I see my son Antipholis and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman there:
 She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
 That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
 Ev'n in the strength and height of injury.
 Beyond imagination is the wrong,
 That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors
upon me;

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault; say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good Lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: so befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargèth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advisèd what I say.
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire;
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it; for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him; in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
' A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
' A thread bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
' A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
' A living dead man.' This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,

Cries

Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together,
 Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my Lord; and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
 Heard you confess, you had the chain of him.
 After you first forswore it on the mart;
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence I think you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
 I never saw the chain, so help me heav'n!
 And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
 I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup;
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
 You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange; go call the Abbess hither:
 I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis*?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me
well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;
And careful hours with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, Sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. I, Sir; but I am sure I do not: and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, Time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
'Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
'In sap consuming winter's drizzled snow,
'And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
'Yet hath my night of life some memory;
'My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
'My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
'All these bold witnesses I cannot err,
'Tell me thou art my son *Antipholis*.'

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in *Syracusa* bay,

Thou

Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t' acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan, and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who decyphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds;
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man;

'That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,

'That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?

Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak;

And speak unto the same Æmilia.

Duke. Why, here begins this morning-story right:
These two Antipholis's, these two so like,
And those two Dromio's, one in semblance;
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,
These plainly are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;

If thou art she, tell me where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,

And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnium.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I: I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are you not my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say *Nay* to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, Sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, Sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but, I think, he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me;
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors all arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good
cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;
 And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
 And ye shall have full satisfaction.
 Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel
 Of you my sons; nor, till this present hour,
 My heavy burdens are delivered.
 The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the calendars of their nativity,
 Go to a gossip's feast and gaud with me.
 After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, Sir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio.
 Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon:
 Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.*]

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
 That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner.
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my glass, and not my
 brother.

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth:
 Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question.

How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior.
 Till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus——

[*Embracing.*]

We came into the world, like brother and brother;
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE

THE WINTER'S TALE*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, <i>King of Sicilia.</i>	<i>A Mariner.</i>
Polixenes, <i>King of Bithynia</i> †.	<i>Goaler.</i>
Mamillius, <i>young Prince of Sicilia.</i>	<i>Servant to the old shepherd.</i>
Florizel, <i>Prince of Bithynia.</i>	<i>Autolicus a rogue.</i>
Camillo,	<i>Time, a Chorus.</i>
Antigenus, } <i>Sicilian Lords.</i>	Hermione, <i>Queen to Leontes.</i>
Cleomenes, }	Perdita, <i>daughter to Leontes and</i>
Dion,	<i>Hermione.</i>
<i>Another Sicilian Lord.</i>	Paulina, <i>wife to Antigonus.</i>
Archidamus, <i>a Bithynian Lord.</i>	Æmilia, <i>attendant on the Queen.</i>
Rogero, <i>a Sicilian Gentleman.</i>	<i>Two other Ladies.</i>
<i>An attendant on the young Prince</i>	Mopsa, } <i>shepherdesSES.</i>
<i>Mamillius.</i>	Dorcas, }
<i>Officers of a court of judicature.</i>	Satyrs <i>for a dance, Shepherds,</i>
<i>Old Shepherd, reputed father of</i>	<i>ShepherdesSES, Guards, and At-</i>
<i>Perdita.</i>	<i>tendants.</i>
<i>Clown, his son.</i>	

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bithynia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antichamber in Leontes's palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you shall chance Camillo, to visit Bithynia on the like occasion wherein my services are now on foot; you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bithynia and your Sicilia.

Com.

* The plot taken from the old story-book of *Dorastus* and *Faunia*.

† The country here called *Bithynia*, hath in former editions been printed *Bohemia*, an inland kingdom situated nearly in the centre of Europe; whereas many of the great incidents of the play turn upon its being a maritime country, of which Polixenes was the King.

This

Cam. I think this coming summer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bithynia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed, —

Cam. 'Beseech you —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say — we will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses (unintelligent of our insufficiency) may, tho' they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bithynia; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, tho' not personal, have been royally attorned with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves! —

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject,
makes

This is a blunder and an absurdity of which Shakespear, in justice, ought not to be thought capable: and as he hath turn'd quite anew the story contain'd in the old paltry book of *Dorastus* and *Famula*, changing most of the main circumstances, and all the names of the persons; it is probable he removed this impropriety, and placed the scene in *Bithynia*, which the ignorance and negligence of the first transcribers or printers might corrupt, and bring back again to *Bohemia*, by a less variation in the letters than they have been guilty of in numberless other places of this work.

makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

SCENE II. *Opens to the presence.*

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, and attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
(The shepherd's note †) since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one *We thank you*, many thousand's more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; may there blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gainfaying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs

Do

† i. e. I use the shepherd's reckoning,

Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You'ad drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bithynia's well: this satisfaction
The bygone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong;
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure [To *Pol.*
The borrow of a week. When at Bithynia
You take my Lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the guest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' th' clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going: *verily*,
"You shall not go;" a Lady's *verily* is
As potent as a Lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest? so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her.

Her. Not your goaler then,
But your kind hostess; come, I'll question you
Of my Lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my Lord
The verier wag o' th' two?

Hol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd
That any did: had he pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; th' imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours *.

Her. By this we gather
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's: for
In those unsledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had not then cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not,
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my Lord.

Leo. At my request he would not:
Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her.

i. e. Setting aside *original sin*; abating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages. You may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre, but to th' goal †.
My last good deed was to intreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were *Grace*!
But once before I spake to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sower'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
“I am yours for ever.”

Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other, for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot——— [*Aside.*]
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me——my heart dances;
But not for joy——not joy——This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer ‡; Oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

VOL. III.

S

Leo.

† *i. e.* Good usage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we
stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination
would otherwise have carried us.

‡ A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer.

Leo. I'fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy nose?
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captain;
[*Wipes the boy's face.*]

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling

[*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*]

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that
I have,

To be full like me.—Yet they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,
That will say any thing; but they were false,
As o'er-dy'd blacks*, as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, sweet villain,
Most dear'st, my collop——can thy dam—may't be—
Imagination! thou dost stab to th' centre.
Thou dost make possible things not be so held,
Communicat'st with dreams——(how can this be?)
With what's unreal, thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,
And that beyond commission; and I find it;
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hard'ning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction,
Are not you mov'd, my Lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How

† A Black dye being used in too great quantity, doth not only make the cloth to rot upon which it is put, but the colour itself to fade and grow rusty much the sooner.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
 Its tendernefs! and make itſelf a paſtime
 To harder boſoms! looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
 Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
 Left it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
 Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole! — My
 brother,
 Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
 Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
 He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
 Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
 My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, ail.
 He makes a July's day ſhort as December:
 And, with his varying childneſs, cures in me
 Thoughts that ſhould thicken my blood.

Leo. So ſtands this ſquire
 Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,
 And leave you to your graver ſteps. Hermione,
 How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome.
 Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.
 Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will ſeek us,
 We are yours i' th' garden: ſhall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
 Be you beneath the ſky. I am angling now,
 Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
 Go to, go to.

[*Aſide, obſerving Her.*

How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
 And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife

[*Exeunt Polix. Her. and attendants.*

[*Manent Leo. Mam. and Cam.*

To her allowing huſband. Gone already,

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears, a forked one.
 Go, play, boy, play—thy mother plays, and I
 Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
 Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play—there have been,
 Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence;
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will. Should all despair
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physic for't, there is none.
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it*.
 Many a thousand of's have the disease, and feel't not.
 How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius—thou'rt an honest man.

[*Exit Mamillius.*]

SCENE III.

Camillo, this Great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
 When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions made;
 His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're

* ————think it.

From east, west, north, and south, be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly. Know't,
 It will let in and out the enemy,
 With bag and baggage.
 Many a thousand, &c.

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding †;
 Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,
 When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo,
 That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's intreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't: good, should be pertinent;
 But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
 By any understanding pate but thine?
 For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
 More than the common blocks; not noted, is't
 But of the finer natures? by some severals
 Of head-piece extraordinary; lower messes,
 Perchance, are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my Lord? I think most understand
 Bithynia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and th' intreaties
 Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

Th' intreaties of your mistress? satisfy?
 Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, Camillo,
 With all the things nearest my heart; as well
 My chamber-counsellors, wherein, priest like, thou
 Hast cleans'd my bosom. I from thee departed
 Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
 In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord——

Leo. To bide upon't.——Thou art not honest; or,
 If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
 Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
 From course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
 A servant grafted in my serious trust,
 And therein negligent; or else a fool,
 That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
 And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful.
 In every one of these no man is free,

S 3

But

† i. e. *Rounding in the ear*; a phrase in use at that time.

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my Lord,
 If ever I were wilful negligent,
 It was my folly: if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest. These, my Lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,
 Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass.
 By its own visage; if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seen, Camillo
 (But that's past doubt you have; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horns,) or heard,
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think it,)
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess;
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign Mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot and foot?
 Sculking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
 Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
 That

That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing.
The covering sky is nothing, Bithynia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie.

I say thou liest, Camillo; and I hate thee:
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck; *Bithynia*,—who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,
How I am gall'd;) thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink:
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion.
But with a ling'ring dram that should not work
Maliciously, like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread Mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.—Make't thy question, and
Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsettled, [go rot:
To appoint myself in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps :)
 Give scandal to the blood o' th' Prince, my son,
 Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
 Without ripe moving to't? would I do this!
 Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir;
 I do, and will fetch off Bithynia for't:
 Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highness
 Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
 Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
 The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
 Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
 Even so as I mine own course have set down:
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
 Go then; and with a countenance as clear
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bithynia,
 And with your Queen. I am his cup-bearer;
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,
 Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all;
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
 Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will see n friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable Lady! but, for me,
 What case stand I in? I must be the prisoner
 Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't
 Is the obedience to a master; one,
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
 All that are his so too. To do this deed,
 Promotion follows. If I could find example
 Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one;
 Let villany itself forswear't. I must
 Forsake the court; to do't or no, is certain
 To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
 Here comes Bithynia.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, Most Royal Sir!

Pol. What is the news i'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare
not?

Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not fighted like the basilisk.
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success * we are gentle,) I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge

Thetcof

* i. e. Succession.

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,) that thou declare,
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my counsel;
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears.
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't *, that you have touch'd his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A favour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear this though over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,

The

* *i. e.* To draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*,
in the old plays, was the *Tempter* to evil.

The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I'm sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen's; part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo,
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your Highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The palace.**Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.*

TAKE the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still; I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my Lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best: so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of womens' faces. pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 Lady. Hark ye,
The Queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk, (good time encounter her!)

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you fit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry you will.

Mam. A sad tale' best for winter.
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best

To

To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;——I will tell it softly:
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then, and give't me in mine ear.

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Lord. How blest'd am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd
In being so blest'd! "There may be in the cup
"A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
"And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
"Is not infected: but if one present
"Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
"How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
"With violent hefts——I have drunk, and seen the
spider."——

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing*; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy; I'm glad you did not nurse him:

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T

Though

* Alluding to the superstition of the vulgar concerning those who were enchanted, and fastened to the spot, by charms superior to their own.

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.——

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her sport herself
With that she's big with: for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
'The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
'The shrug, the hum, or ha,—(these petty brands,
'That calumny doth use: oh, I am out,——
'That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself;) these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,
From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'refs.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my Lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees;
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar——I have said,
She's an adult'refs; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those

That.

That vulgars give bold't titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake
In these foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:
He who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my Lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's will be perform'd!

Leo. Shall I be heard?—

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your High-
My women may be with me; for you see [ness,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. My women,—come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do your bidding; hence.

[Exit Queen guarded, and Ladies.

Lord. 'Beseech your Highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your Queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my Lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I' th' eyes of Heaven, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable-stand *, where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and see, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord,——

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-dam him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations; they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more:

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; I see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal

[Laying hold of his arm.

The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,

Upon

* *Stable-stand* is a term of the forest-laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *Stable-stand*.

Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us; inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my Liege,
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age.
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation *
But only seeing; all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed,) doth push on this proceeding.
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,

T 3

We

* Approbation here signifies proof.

We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to a prison.*

Enter Paulina, and a Gentleman, with other attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison? Now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.

Goa. For a worthy Lady,
And one whom much I honour,

Paul. Pray you then
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado to lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? *Æmilia*?

Goa. So please you, Madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Æmilia* forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gent. &c.*

Goa. And, Madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee.

Enter Æmilia.

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Æmil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)

She

She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Æmil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, My poor prisoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn.

These dangerous, unsafe lunes i' th' King! beshrew them,
He must be told on't, and he shall; the office
Becomes a woman best. I'll tak't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red look'd anger be
'The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Æmilia*,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child.
'The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Æmil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your Ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,
Who but to day hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Æmilia*,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Æmil. Now be you bless'd for it!
I'll to the Queen: please you, come something nearer.

Goa. Madam, if it please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence

Free'd

Free'd and infranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other attendants.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest:—it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus: mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being: part o' th' cause,
She, the adult'refs; for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd.
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down right languish'd. Leave me solely, go,

[Exit Attendant.

See how he fares.—Fie, fie, no thought of him.—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow.
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she within my power.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Enter Paulina with a child.*

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather, good my Lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. [*within.*] Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings; such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my Lord, but needful conference,
About some gossips for your Highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious lady.——Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my Lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? can't not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares

Lefs

Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I say, good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, on th' worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

Leo. Out!

A mankind witch! hence with her, out-o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so;

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard.

[*To Antigonus.*]

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say; give't to thy croan.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced * baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any

But one that's here; and that's himself. For he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,

His

* Forced, for unnatural.

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
 Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
 (For as the case now stands, it is a curse
 He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
 The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
 As ever oak or stone was found.

Leo. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
 And now baits me!—This brut is none of mine;
 It is the issue of Polixenes.
 Hence with it, and together with the dam,
 Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:

And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
 So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my Lords,
 Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
 And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
 The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
 The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
 And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
 No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
 Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
 Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence,

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural Lord
 Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
 Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
 But this most cruel usage of your Queen
 (Not able to produce more accusation
 Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours
 Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,

Yea,

Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What need these hands?
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell, we are gone.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir;
These Lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can? my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're liars all.

Lords. 'Beseech your Highness, give us better credit.
We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services
Past and to come,) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel,
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:

It shall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither;

[*To Antigonus.*]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your widwife there,
'To save this bastard's life; (for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,) what will you adventure
'To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
'That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
'To save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible; swear by this sword,
'Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; see'st thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We injoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy,) to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; tho' a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
'To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
(Casting their savageness aside) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require; and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side!
Poor thing condemn'd to loss.——

[*Exit, with the child.*]

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Please your Highness, posts,
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: this good speed foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, Lords.
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. *[Exeunt severally.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A part of Sicily, near the sea-side.

Enter Cleomenes, and Dion.

Cleo. **T**HE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle *, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. It shames report.
Foremost it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice—
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst

And

* But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakespeare, or his Editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades. If it was the Editor's blunder, then Shakespeare wrote,

Fertile the soil, —————

which is more elegant too, than the present reading. Mr. Warburton.

And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' the' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
'That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The use is worst the time on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Herminione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the business; when the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses:
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Represents a court of Justice.*

Leontes, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leo. This session, (to our great grief we pronounce,)
Ev'n pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd;—let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.—

Off. It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

*Hermione is brought in, guarded: Paulina, and Ladies
attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Off. *Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high-treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bithynia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our Sovereign Lord the King, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject,*

didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, "and tyranny
"Tremble at patience."——You, my Lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would spare; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near't of kin
Cry, Fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her.

Her. More than mistress of,
 What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
 With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,
 I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
 With such a kind of love, as might become
 A Lady like me; with a love, even such,
 So and no other, as yourself commanded:
 Which not to have done, I think had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you, and towards your friend; whose love had spoke,
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
 That it was yours. Now for conspiracy,
 I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
 For me to try how; all I know of it,
 Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
 And why he left your court, the gods themselves
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
 What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
 You speak a language that I understand not;
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,
 Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams.
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dream'd it:—as you were past all shame,
 (Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth;
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee than it,) so thou
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
 The bug which you would fright me with, I seek:
 To me can life be no commodity.
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy,
 The first-fruits of my body, from his presence

I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
 (Starr'd most unluckily,) is from my breast
 (The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth)
 Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet with immodest hatred;
 The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my Liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:
 But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,—
 I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises, (all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake,) I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all
 I do refer me to the oracle:
 Apollo be my judge.

SCENE III. *Enter Dion and Cleomenes.*

Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father,
 Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial; that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

Off. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
 Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up oracle, and that since then
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
 Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten: and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

Lords.

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my Lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' th' oracle;
The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord the King, the King,——

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heav'ns themselves
Do strike at my injustice.——How now, there?

[*Her. faints.*

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my Queen, recal the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.
For being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,
And fill'd with honour) to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Through my dark rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V. *Enter Paulina.*

Paul. Woe the while!
O cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too. ———

Lord. What fit is this, good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
burning

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive? whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!) O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; stark mad, for all
Thy bygone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but shew thee off, a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
'Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a gross and foolish fire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last, O Lords,
When I have said, cry, Woe! the Queen, the Queen,—
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul.

Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. 'But, O thou tyrant!
'Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
'Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
'To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
'Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
'Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
'In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
'To look that way thou wert.'

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' th' boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't.

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son;
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear unto
Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature

Will

Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bithynia. A desert country; the sea at a little distance.

Enter Antigonus with a child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bithynia?

Mar. Ay, my Lord; and fear,
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
'The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o' th' business.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,

Hath

Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in Bithynia,
 There weep, and leave it crying; and for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
 I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife Paulina more.—— And so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself, and thought
 This was sooth, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the child.*

There lie, and there thy character: there these,
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty one,
 And still rest thine. The storm begins;—— Poor wretch,
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow. (Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath injoin'd to this.) Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour!
 Well may I get aboard! this is the chace;
 I am gone for ever.

[*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

SCENE VII. *Enter an old Shepherd.*

Shep. “ I would there were no age between ten and
 “ three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the
 “ rest: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting
 “ wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,
 “ fighting——hark you now!——would any but
 “ these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty,
 “ hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my
 “ best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than
 “ the

“ the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-
 “ side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will!
 “ What have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy
 “ on's, a bearn! a very pretty bearn! a boy, or a child,
 “ I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; fure some
 “ 'scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read wait-
 “ ing gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some
 “ stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind door-work:”
 they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is
 here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry till my son
 come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!——

Shep. What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk
 on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What
 ail'ft thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such fights, by sea and by land;
 but I am not to say it is a sea; for it is now the sky;
 betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's
 point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. “ I would you did but see how it chafes, how it
 “ rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the
 “ point; oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls, some-
 “ times to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship bo-
 “ ring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd
 “ with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogf-
 “ head. And then for the land-service——to see how
 “ the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to
 “ me for help, and said, his name was *Antigonus*, a noble-
 “ man. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the
 “ sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls
 “ roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor
 “ gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roar-
 “ ing louder than the sea, or weather.”

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these
 fights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the
 bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep.

Shep. 'Would I had been by to have-help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. ————— [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now blefs thyself; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! —————

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curs'd but when they are hungry: if there be any of them left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of *Time*,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the gulf untry'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour

To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
 Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
 The times that brought them in; so shall I do
 To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
 The glittering of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it: your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
 Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair Bithynia; and remember well,
 I mention here a son o' th' King's whom *Florizel*
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace
 To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
 Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,
 I list not prophesy. But let Time's news
 Be known when'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,
 Is th' argument of Time; of this allow,
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
 He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The court of Bithynia.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

I *Pol.* PRAY thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the
rest

rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the reaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee, speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (missing him) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours is grown to an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise a part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV.

Pol. My best Camillo—we must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to the Country.*

Enter Autolicus singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then come in the sweet o' th' year;
'Fore the red blood reigns in the winter pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my proggings tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer-songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of service.

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under Mercury *, who, as I am, was likewise a snapper-up

* The allusion, and the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from his discourse on judicial astrology, where Autolicus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely, because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolicus was a thief. Mr. Warburton.

up of unconsider'd trifles: with die and drab I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly * cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

SCENE III. *Enter Clown.*

Clo. Let me see,—every eleven wether tod; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.—

[*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast, three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice——what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man song-men † all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bastes; but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace——dates——none——that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'th' sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' th' name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death——

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

X 3

Clo.

* Silly is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists.

† Meaning those who sing catches, which are generally in three parts.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going, I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. "A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames*: I knew him once a servant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of court."

Clo. "His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide."

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well; he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion† of the
"prodigal

* Trou-madame, French. The game of nine-holes.

† i. e. The puppet-show, then called motions. A term frequently occurring in our author.

"prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile
"where my land and living lies; and, having flown over
"many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue;"
some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;——
he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that
put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bithynia; if
you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I
am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant
him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand
and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace
softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewell, I must go to buy spices for our
sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir! Your purse is not hot
enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your
sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out an-
other, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,
and my name put into the book of virtue*!

SONG.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the style-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The prospect of a shepherd's cote.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do

* Begging gipsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and
companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body.

Do give a life: no shepherdes, but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
Oh pardon that I name them! your high self,
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look to see his work so noble,
Vilely bound up! what would he say! or how
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold
The sternness of his presence!

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' power o' th' King.
One of these two must be necessities,

Which

Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say *No*. Be merry, (gentle,) *No*.
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

SCENE V.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants; with
Polixenes and Camillo disguis'd.*

Flo. See, your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. "Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
"This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
"Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
"Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here
"At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;
"On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
"With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
"She would to each one sip." You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself,
That which you are, mistress o' th' feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome.

[*To Pol and Cam.*

It

It is my father's will I should take on me
 The hostessship o' th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
 Give me those flowers there, Dorcas—Reverend Sirs,
 "For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
 "Seeming and favour all the winter long;
 "Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
 "And welcome to our shearing!"

Pol. Shepherdesse,
 (A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
 With flowers of winter.

Per. "Sir, the year growing ancient,
 "Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
 "Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' th' season
 "Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
 "Which some call Nature's bastards: of that kind
 "Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
 "To get slips of them."

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
 Do you neglect them?

Per. "For I have heard it said,
 "There is an art, which in their piedness shares
 "With great creating Nature."

Pol. Say, there be;
 "Yet nature is made better by no mean,
 "But nature makes that mean; so over that art,
 "Which you say adds to nature, is an art
 "That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
 "A gentle scyon to the wildest stock;
 "And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 "By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
 "Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
 "The art itself is nature."

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
 And do not call them bastards.

Per. "I'll not put
 "The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
 "No more than, were I painted, I would wish
 "This youth should say, 'Twere well; and only therefore
 "Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
 "Hot lavender, mints, favoury, marjoram,
 "The marygold, that goes to bed with th' sun,

"And

" And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
 " Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
 " To men of middle age." Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave graſing, were I of your flock,
 And only live by gazing.

Per. " Out, alas!

" You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January
 " Would blow you through and through. Now, my
 " faireſt friend,

" I would I had ſome flowers o' th' ſpring, that might
 " Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
 " That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
 " Your maiden-heads growing: O Proſerpina,
 " For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'ſt fall
 " From Diſ's waggon! daffodils,
 " That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
 " The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
 " But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 " Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
 " That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 " Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength, (a malady
 " Moſt incident to maids;) gold oxlips, and
 " The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
 " The flower-de-lis being one. O theſe I lack
 " To make you garlands of, and, my ſweet friend,
 " To ſtrow him o'er and o'er."

Flo. What? like a corſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on:
 Not like a corſe; or if,—not to be buried
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
 Methinks I play as I have ſeen them do
 In Whitſund' pastorals: ſure, this robe of mine
 Does change my diſpoſition.

Flo. What you do,
 Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, (ſweet,)
 I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
 I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
 Pray ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
 A wave o' th' ſea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
 And own no other function. Each your doing,

So

So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. "This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
"Ran on the green sward; nothing she does, or seems,"
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, garlic to
mend her kissing with——

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners;
come, strike up.

Here a dance of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy breeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep.

Shep. She does any thing, though I report it
That should be silent; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. O Master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all fizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of dildos and fa-ding's: jump her, and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bithynia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the grofs; inkles, caddiffes, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods and goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee bring him in; and let him approach, singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus singing.

*Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.
Come buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being inthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should wear their faces! is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whisp'ring: clamour your tongues †, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo.

† The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to-bed with twenty money-bags at a burthen; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress *Tale-porter*, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.—

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*; there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go,
Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mop. O whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too, let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou goest to the grange, or mill.

Dor. If to either thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What? neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be.

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves! My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice; follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cap,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

And silk, and thread, any toys for your head

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedler; money's a medler,

That doth utter all mens' ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

SCENE VII. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have

have made themselves all men of hair †; they call themselves *saliers*; and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they art not in't: but they themselves are o' th' mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th'square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a dance of twelve satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them; He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd? Your heart is full of something, that doth take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks. I would have ransack'd The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your last Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know, She prizes not such trifles as these are. The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love Before this ancient Sir; who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,

Y 3.

As

† i. e. Nimble, that leap as if they rebounded. The phrase is taken from tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, "or the fann'd snow
"That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er."

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I've put you out;
But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a-while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo.

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son
Should chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,
'The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect's a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I'm sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with——

Shep. O my heart!

Pol.

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
 More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
 If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
 That thou no more shall see his knack, as never
 I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
 Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
 Far' than Deucalion off: mark thou my words;
 Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
 Thou full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to it.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

Per. Even here undone.

"I was not much afraid; for once or twice
 "I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
 "The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
 "Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 "Looks on alike."——Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?
 [To *Florizel.*]

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
 Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
 "Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
 "But milk my ewes, and weep."

Cam. Why, how now, father?
 Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak nor think,
 Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir,
 [To *Florizel.*]

"You have undone a man of fourscore three,
 "That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
 "To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
 "To lie close by his honest bones: but now
 "Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
 "Where

"Where no priest shovels in dust." O cursed wretch!

[*To Perdita.*

That knew't this was the Prince, and would't adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leath unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,

You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no speech, (which I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I fear,
Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo——

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within!——Lift up thy looks!——
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy, if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bithynia, nor the pomp that may

Be

Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
 To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
 As you have ever been my father's friend,
 When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
 To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
 Upon his passion; let myself and fortune
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver. I am put to sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
 And, most opportune to our need, I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 For this design. What course I mean to hold,
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
 Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,
 Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita——
 I'll hear you by and by.

[To Camillo.

Cam. He's irremovable,
 Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
 And that unhappy King, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

[Aside.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
 I am so fraught with curious business, that
 I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
 You have heard of my poor services, i'th'love
 That I have borne your father.

Flo. Very nobly
 Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music
 To speak your deeds, not little of his care
 To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well; my Lord,
 If you may please to think I love the King.
 And through him what's nearest to him, which is
 Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,

If

If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration; on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness, where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her;
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontented father I'll strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet.
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself and your fair princess
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' th' father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,

Things

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say: that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be: besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' th' rear o' our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita——
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house! how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bithynia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this; I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if

The scene you play were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word.—
[*They talk aside.*]

SCENE X.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman? I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, broweh, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw to my good use, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Flor. and Perd. come forward.*]

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there, So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes.—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [Seeing Autol.]
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now; why, hanging.
[*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why shak'st thou so? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's no body will steal that
from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must
make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly, (thou
must think there's necessity in't,) and change garments
with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth, on his side,
be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.—(I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half-
flea'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir?—(I smell the trick
on't.)—— [*Aside.*

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with con-
science take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress! (let my prophecy
Come home to ye;) you must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows: muffle your face,
Dis mantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:
Come, Lady, come: farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King [*Aside.*

Of

Of this escape, and whither they are bound :
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

[*Exit Flor. with Per.*

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I understand the business, I heard it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot? what a boot is here with this exchange? Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside,—here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and

his son's pranks too; "who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law."

Clo. "Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce."

Aut. Very wisely, puppies!

[*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement*. How now, rustics, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, an it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbed steel; therefore they do give us the lie.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these infoldings? hath not my gate in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier Cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep.

† Meaning his false beard.

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant-cock nor hen.

Aut. "How blest'd are we that are not simple men!

"Yet Nature might have made me as these are;

"Therefore I will not disdain."

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. "He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth."

Aut. The farthel there; what's i' th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,) shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest, plain men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf; and if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; "and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold;" shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive. —

Shep. An't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. "In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it."

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange sights; he must know 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the seaside,

side, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blest'd in this man, as I may say, even blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*]

Ant. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cle. **S**IR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord.
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
Kill'd? she I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but feldom.

Cle. Not at all, good Lady;
You might have spoke a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers by his Highness' fail of issue
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen? This will.
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of Majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found; which, that it shall
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My Lord should to the heav'ns be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[*To the King.*

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour; O, that ever I

Had

Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips!

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and on this stage
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, Why to me?—

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife.
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; so be blest'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my Lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.

Paul. Yet, if my Lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That

Shall

Shall be when your first Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

SCENE II. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his Princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His Princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone; so must thy grave *
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so: but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; *she had not been,*
Nor was she to be equal'd; thus your verse,
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you've seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon;) *the other*
The other when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself (assisted with your honour'd friends)

Bring

* Grave for epitaph.

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. [Exit Cleo.]

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your royal father off
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
As your fair Princess, goddess!—Oh! alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I lost
(All mine own folly!) the society,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing misery) I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a King (at friend)
Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
 As is th' spring to th' earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
 (At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
 Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my Lord,
 She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
 That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most Royal Sir,
 From thence; from him, whose daughter
 His tears proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
 To execute the charge my father gave me,
 For visiting your Highness; my best train
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,
 Who for Bythinia bend, to signify
 Not only my success in Libya, Sir,
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
 Here where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
 Do climate here! You have a holy father,
 A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,
 Have left me issueless; and your father's blest'd,
 As he from heaven merits it, with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you!

SCENE IV. *Enter a Lord.*

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
 That which I shall report, will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so high. Please you, great Sir,
 Bithynia greets you from himself, by me;
 Desires you to attach his son, who has
 His dignity and duty both cast off,

Fled

Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bithynia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city. I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message: to your court
Whilst he was hast'ning, in the chace, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak.
Bithynia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good-father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in birth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,

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A a

Should

Should chafe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, Sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[*To Florizel.*

Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Near the Court in Sicilia.*

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo, were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but

seeing,

seeing, could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there's such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione—her jewel about the neck of it—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother,—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, Oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bithynia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, "like a weather-

A a 2

"beaten

"beaten conduit of many Kings' reigns." I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *Alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour; some swooned, all forrowed; if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princes hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina; a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would be-

guile

guile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

SCENE VI. *Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Cl. "You are well met, Sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born."

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Cl. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princess my sister, call'd my father, father, and so we wept; "and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed."

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good Worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bithynia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk; not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to Paulina's house.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excells whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say, 'tis well.

[Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.]

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my Liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which

Which lets go by some sixteen years; and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh thus she stood;
Even with such life of Majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her.
I am ashamed; does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? Oh, royal piece!
There's magic in thy Majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition; that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kifs.

Paul. O, patience;—
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your sorrow was too fore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? see, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol.

Pol. Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fissure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.

My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives,

Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction hath a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizel
Could ever yet cut breath! Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand. But then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear: for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then, all stand still:
And those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;

No

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her: strike;
'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your numbness; for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs;

[*Music.*

[*Hermione comes down.*

Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing: turn, good Lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Herm.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head: tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation

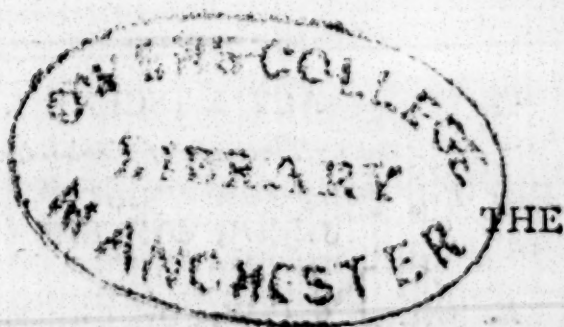
Partake

Partake to every one: "I, an old turtle,
"Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
"My mate, that's never to be found again,
"Lament till I am lost."

Leo. O peace, Paulina:

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband, Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks [To Her.
My ill suspicion: this your son-in-law,
And son unto the King——whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING JOHN*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King JOHN.	Lewis, <i>the Dauphin.</i>
Prince Henry, <i>son to the King.</i>	Archduke of Austria.
Arthur, <i>Duke of Bretagne, and</i>	Cardinal Pandulpho, <i>the Pope's</i>
<i>nephew to the King.</i>	<i>Legate.</i>
Pembroke,	Melun, <i>a French Lord.</i>
Essex,	Chatillon, <i>Ambassador from France</i>
Salisbury,	<i>to King John.</i>
Hubert,	Elinor, <i>Queen-mother of England.</i>
Bigot,	Constance, <i>mother to Arthur.</i>
Philip Faulconbridge, <i>bastard son</i>	Blanch, <i>daughter to Alphonso King</i>
<i>to Richard I.</i>	<i>of Castile, and niece to K. John.</i>
Robert Faulconbridge, <i>supposed</i>	Lady Faulconbridge, <i>mother to the</i>
<i>brother to the bastard.</i>	<i>bastard and Robert Faulcon-</i>
James Gurney, <i>servant to the</i>	<i>bridge.</i>
<i>Lady Faulconbridge.</i>	Citizens of Angiers, <i>Heralds, Ex-</i>
Peter of Pomfret, <i>a prophet.</i>	<i>ecutioners, Messengers, Soldi-</i>
Philip, <i>King of France.</i>	<i>ers, and other Attendants.</i>

The SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court of England.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatillon.

K. John. **N**OW, say Chatillon, what would
France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France.

* *The troublesome reign of King John was written in two parts by W. Shakespeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it. Mr. Pope*

In my behaviour, to the Majesty,
The borrow'd Majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning; borrow'd Majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim

To this fair island and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal sovereign

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly with held.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for
blood,

Controulment for controulment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report, I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have;

Pembroke, look to't; farewell Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chat. and Pem.*]

Eli. What now, my son, have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

Will she had kindled France and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son?

His might have been prevented, and made whole

With very easy arguments of love;

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us—

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,

Else it must go wrong with you and me;

VOL. III.

B b

So

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I shall hear.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

SCENE II.

*Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his brother,
the bastard.*

Phil. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year.
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow; why, being younger
born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get my land;
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But

But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and his son like him;
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us
here?

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son.
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd goat, five hundred pound a-year!

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much?

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth he might. Then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of the presence *, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose †,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three farthings
goes ‡!"

"And to his shape were heir to all this land;"
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face.

I

* *i. e.* Prince of the blood.

†. The sticking roses about them, was then all the court-fashion.

‡. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Q. Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only princess, who coined in England three-half-pence and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the same time coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-halfpence, pence, three-farthings, and halfpence. And these pieces all had her head, and were *alternately* with the *rose* behind, and without the *rose*. The shilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and halfpenny, had it not. The other intermediate coins, *viz.* the six-pence, three-pence, three halfpence, and three-farthings, had the *rose*. Mr. Theobald.

I would not be Sir Nobbe * in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year,
Yet sell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country-manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. *Philip*, my Liege, so is my name begun:
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whose form
thou bear'st.

Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great:
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Phil. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand.
My father gave me honour your's gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*!
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what
though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.
Come, Madam, and come, *Richard*, we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' th' way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Philip.*]

B b 3

SCENE

* A nick-name, in contempt of Sir Robert.

SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,
 But many a many a foot of land the worse!
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
 " Good-den, Sir Richard,—Godamercy, fellow?
 " And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
 " For new made honour doth forget mens' names,
 " 'Tis too respective and unfociable
 " For your conversing. Now your traveller,
 " He and his tooth-pick at my Worship's mess;
 " And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 " Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 " My picked * man of countries;—My dear Sir,
 " (Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
 " I shall beseech you,—that is question now;
 " And then comes answer like an A B C-book.
 " O Sir, says answer, at your best command,
 " At your employment, at your service, Sir.—
 " No Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours —
 " And so ere answer knows what question would,
 " Serving in dialogue of compliment;
 " And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 " The Pyrenean and the river Po;
 " It draws towards supper in conclusion, fo.
 " But this is worshipful society,"
 And sits the mounting spirit like myself:
 For he is but a *bastard* to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation;
 [And so am I, whether I smack or no; †]
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
 Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
 But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

* *i. e.* Formally bearded.

† A nonsensical line of the playera.

O me! it is my mother. Now, good Lady,
What brings you here to court so hastily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother, where is he,
That holds in chace mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's son,
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady. Sir Robert's son; ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip,

Phil. Philip!—I part me, James;
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit James.]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do well; marry, confess!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never helps to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspir'd with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Phil. Knight, knight, good mother—Basilisco-like*.
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then,

* The words allude to an expression in an old Scottish play, then the common butt of ridicule, called *Soliman and Perseda*. But the beauty of the passage consists in his alluding at the same time, to his high horiginal. His father, Richard I. was turnamed *Cœur-de-lion*, and the *Cor Leonis*, a fixed star of the first magnitude, in the sign Leo, is called *Basilisco*. Mr. Warburton.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?

Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Against whose fury, and unmatched force,
The awless lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hands.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, Lady, I will shew thee to my kin,

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him *Nay*, it had been sin;

Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the walls of Angiers in France.

*Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the
Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.*

Lewis. **B**EFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur! that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,

To

To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather that you give his offspring life;
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurs back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders;
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Ev'n till that outmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The piece of Heav'n is theirs who lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well then, to work; our engines shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town,
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phil. A wonder, Lady! lo, upon thy wish
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.
What England says, say briefly, gentle Lord;
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paulty siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother Queen;
An Atè, stirring him to blood and strife.
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
Rash, inconfid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heav'n!
Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. Phil. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat;
This toil of ours should be a work of thine.
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast underwrought its lawful King;
Cut off the sequence of posterity;
Out-faced infant state; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face.
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which dy'd in Geoffrey; and the hand of Time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's; in the name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
To draw my answer to thy articles? [France,

K. Phil. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
In any breast of strong authority, [thoughts,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it †.

King

† ————chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phil. Excuse it, 'tis to beat usurping down.

Exit.

King John, this is the very sum of all;
 England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
 In right of Arthur I do claim of thee:
 Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon.—I do defy thee, France.
 Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
 And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
 Than e'er the coward-hand of France can win *.

K. Phil.

Eli. Who is't that thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer: thy usurping son.——

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be King,
 That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,
 Likier in feature to his father Geoffrey,
 Than thou and John, in manners being as like
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
 My boy a bastard! by my soul, I think
 His father never was so true begot;
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace——

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
 An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
 You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
 Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
 I'll smook your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
 Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
 That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lies as lightly on the back of him,
 As great Alcides' shews upon an ass;
 But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,
 Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this fame, that deafs our ears
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?
 King Philip, determine what we shall do strait.

K. Phil. Women and fools, break off your conference.
 King John, &c.

————— of France can win,
 Submit thee, boy,

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child.
 Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will.

Give

K. Phil. Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

SCENE III. *Enter a Citizen upon the walls.*

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

VOL. III.

C c

K. John.

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.

There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace;

I would that I were low laid in my grave;

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!

His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's shames,

Draws those heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which heav'n shall take in nature of a fee:

Ay, with these crystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd,

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heav'n and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heav'n and earth!

Call me no slanderer; thou and thine usurp

The domination, royalties, and rights

Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest son's son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him;

Being but the second generation

Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,

That he is not only plagued for her sin,

But God hath made her sin and her the plague

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,

And with her plague her sin; his injury,

Her injury, the beadle to her sin,

All punish'd in the person of this child,

And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will!—a wicked will;

A woman's will, a canker'd grandam's will.

K. Phil. Peace, Lady; pause, or be more temperate?

It ill befits this presence to cry Aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet, &c.

K. John. England for itself;
You men of Angiers and my loving subjects——

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparations for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding, by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking * gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
'To save unscratch'd your city's threat'ned cheeks,)
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whose labour'd spirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town:

Being

* *Winking*, a metaphor for *half-open*.

Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe
 To him that owns it; namely, this young prince.
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
 And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town;
 And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the rounder * of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war;
 Tho' all these English, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference,
 Then tell us, shall your city call us Lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects;
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
 To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the
 King?

And if not that, I bring you witness,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed——

Faulc. (Bastards, and else.)

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as
 those——

Faulc. (Some bastards too.)

K. Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

C c 2

Cit.

* i. e. Circle.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

K. Phil. Amen, Amen.——Mount, Chevaliers, to arms!

Faulc. Saint George that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home

At your den, sirrah, with your lions, I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide *,

And make a monster of you.—— [To Austria.

Aust. Peace, no more.

Faulc. O tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth.
In best appointment all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.

K. Phil. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God, and our right!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A long charge sounded: then, after excursions, enter the Herald of France with trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur Duke of Bretagne in;
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
While victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd,

To

* The Archduke wore a lion's hide which had belonged to Richard Cœur-de-lion.

To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers; ring your bells;
King John, your King and England's doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in Frenchmens' blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France.
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power.

Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

SCENE V.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erflow
With course disturb'd ev'n thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

C c 3

K. Phil.

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear;
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faulc. Ha! Majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havoc, Kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak, Citizens, for England, who's your King?

Cit. The King of England, when we know the King.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right:

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater pow'r than ye denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates †.

Faulc. By heav'n, the scroyles of Angiers flout you,
Kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At

† ——— strong-barr'd gates.

Kings are our fears——until our fears resolv'd
Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heav'n, &c.

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 You royal presences, be rul'd by me;
 Do like the Mutines of Jerusalem;
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades;
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
 Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well. France, shall we knit our pow'rs,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
 Then, after, fight who shall be King of it?

Faulc. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
 Turn-thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these faucy walls;
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves for heav'n or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be so; say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town *.

Cit.

* ——— bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! from north to south;

Austria

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on; with favour we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, oh say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, (to name want,)
If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half-part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she:
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.
And two such shores, to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates: for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions so confident, mountains and rocks

So

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.
I'll stir them to't; come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings, &c.

So free from motion; no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue.
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France,
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no fun to ripe
The bloom, that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France.
Mark, how they whisper; urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double Majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phil. Speak, England, first, that hath been forward
first

To speak unto this city. What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen.
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Main, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieg'd,
Find liable to her crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;

As

As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? Look in the Lady's
face.

Lewis. I do, my Lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle *.
I do protest I never lov'd myself,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myself
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

[*Whispering with Blanch.*]

Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,
That hang'd and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will inforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord.
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
That I can find should merit any hate. [judge])

K. John. What say these young ones? what say you,
my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you love
this Lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,

With

* ——— wondrous miracle;

The shadow of myself formed in her eye;
Which being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, &c.

With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands*.

Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not; for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league that we have
Will give her sadness very little cure. [made,
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow-lady? in her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own 'vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur *Duke of Bretagne*,
And *Earl of Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity. I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so.
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*

SCENE VI.

Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath

* ——— close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phil. Now, citizens, &c.

Hath willingly departed with a part.
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word *maid*, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world,
“The world, which of itself is poised well,
“Made to run even upon even ground;
“Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
“This sway of motion, this Commodity,
“Makes it take head from all indifferency,
“From all direction, purpose, course, intent.”
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And say, there is no sin but to be rich.
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my Lord; for I will worship thee!

[Exit.
ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The French King's pavilion.**Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

Const. **G**ONE to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
 Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
 It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.
 I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man.
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a King's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me;
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears:
 And though thou now confests thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce;
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as, I believe, you think them false,
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desp'rate men,
 Which in the very meeting fall and die.

Lewis wed Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
 France friend with England! what becomes of me?
 Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy sight *.

Arth. I do beseech you, mother, be content.

Confl. "If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
 "Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
 "Full of unpleasing blots, and fightless stains,
 "Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 "Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
 "I would not care; I then would be content.
 "For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
 "Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 "But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
 "Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
 "Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
 "And with the half-blown rose." But Fortune, oh!
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
 Adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his Majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to Fortune, and to John;
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
 Invenom him with words; or get thee gone,
 And leave these woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,

I may not go without you to the Kings.

Confl. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I wilt not go with thee.
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud:
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let Kings assemble: for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth

* ——— brook thy sight.

This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good Lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Confl. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, &c.

Can

Can hold it up. Here I and sorrow sit.
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

[Sits down on the floor.

SCENE II.

*Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor,
Fauleconbridge, and Austria.*

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival.
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not an holiday.— [Rising.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter should be set
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd.
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phil. By heaven, Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill my enemies blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.

Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings,
 A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace; but ere sun-set,
 Set armed Discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.
 Hear me, oh, hear me?

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
 O Lymoges, O Austria! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villany!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
 Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humorous Ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party? thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O that a man would speak those words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. * Methinks that Richard's pride and Richard's
 fall

* Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Faulc.

* What was the ground of this quarrel of the bastard to Austria, is no where specified in the present play: nor is there in this place, or the scene where it is first hinted at (namely the second of act 2,) the least mention of any reason for it. But the story is, that Austria, who killed King Richard Cœur de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's-hide which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the first sketch of this play, (which Shakespeare is said to have had a hand in, jointly with William Rowley,) we accordingly find this insisted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of those verses here. Mr. Pope.

Faulc. 'What words are these? how do my sinews shake!
 'My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
 'How doth Alec to whisper in my ears,
 'Delay not, Richard, kill the villain strait;
 'Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
 'Thy father's triumph o'er the savages.——
 'Now, by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
 'Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
 'Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;
 'And split thy heart for wearing it so long.'

K. John. We like not this, thou dost forget thyself.

SCENE III. *Enter Pandulph.*

K. Phil. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heav'n!
 To thee, King John, my holy errand is:
 I Pandulph, of fair Milain Cardinal,
 And from Pope Innocent the Legate here,
 Do in his name religiously demand
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
 This in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
 Can task the free breath of a sacred King?
 Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
 Add thus much more, That no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions.
 But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
 So tell the Pope, all rev'ence set apart
 To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Tho' you and all the Kings of Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;
 Tho' you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
 Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
 Against the Pope, and counts his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate;
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretic;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
 That I have room with Rome to curse a while.
 Good Father Cardinal, cry thou, Amen,
 To my keen curses; for without my wrong
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, Lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
 Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong?
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
 For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
 And raise the pow'r of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
 And, by disjoining hands, he'll lose a soul. —

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal:

Faulc. And hang a calve's skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
 Because —

Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Const.

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend;
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride *.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. Phil. Good Rev'rend Father, make my person
yours;

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together,
With all religious strength of sacred vows.
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were besmear'd and over-strain'd
With Slaughter's pencil; where Revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed Kings.
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So

* ——— a new untrimmed † bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith;
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Auf. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, &c.

† i. e. Unsteady.

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heav'n?
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
 Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O holy Sir,
 My Reverend Father, let it not be so;
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order, and we shall be blest'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 Or let the church our mother breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
 A falling tyger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heav'n, first be to heav'n perform'd:
 That is to be the champion of our church.
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself.
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is yet amiss when it is truly done:
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done, not doing it.
 The better act of purposes mistook,
 Is to mistake again; tho' indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falshood falshood cures; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
 It is religion that doth make vows kept,
 But thou hast sworn against religion.
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st,
 And

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth;
Against an oath the truth thou art unsure——
To swear: swear only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear, only to be forsworn,
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself.

And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy, loose suggestions.
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee.
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off;
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aufi. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?

Will not a calve's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds.
His honour. Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!—

Lewis. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need. England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faulc. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time, Is it, as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu! Which is the side that must go withal?

I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit Faulconbridge.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.

Look to thyself thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To arms
let's hie. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to a field of battle.*

Alarms, excursions. Enter Faulconbridge, with Austria's head.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there.—
Thus

Thus hath King Richard's son perform'd his vow,
And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. There, Hubert, keep this boy. Richard,
My mother is assailed in our tent, [make up;
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My Lord, I rescu'd her.
Her Highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege: for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exit.

SCENE V.

*Alarms, excursions, retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor,
Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind
[To Elinor.
So strongly guarded. Cousin, look not sad,
[To Arthur.

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O! this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for England; haste before,
[To Faulconbridge

And ere our coming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; their imprison'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry war be fed upon.
Use our commission in its utmost force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back
When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your Highness. Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit Faulc.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman;—hark, a word.
[Taking him to one side of the stage.

K. John. [to Hubert on the other side.]
Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There

There is a foul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love.
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in his bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say——
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I'm almost asham'd
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so
 yet;——

But thou shalt have—and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 ' I had a thing to say,——but let it go:
 ' The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
 ' Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 ' Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 ' To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
 ' Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
 ' Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
 ' If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 ' And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 ' Or if that surly spirit Melancholy
 ' Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
 ' Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 ' Making that idiot Laughter keep mens' eyes,
 ' And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 ' (A passion hateful to my purposes;)
 ' Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 ' Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 ' Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 ' Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 ' Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
 ' I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
 ' But ah, I will not.'——Yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heav'n I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what my friend,

He is a very serpent in my way.
And, wherefoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My Lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee;
Remember.—Madam, fare you well.

[Returning to the Queen.]

I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; on toward Calais, ho!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Changes to the French court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado * of collected sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en pris'ner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temp'rate order in so fierce a course,
Doth want example; who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

VOL. III.

E c

K. Phil.

* This play was represented a winter or two after the Spanish invasion in 1588. And it abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs.

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this
praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul,
Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I pr'ythee, Lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phil. Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle Con-
stance.

Const. No, I defy all counsel and redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, Death; oh amiable, lovely Death!
Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household-worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And kiss thee as thy wife; misery's love,
O come to me!

K. Phil. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion I would shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. 'Thou art not holy to bely me so;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Constance*, I was Geoffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad; I would to heav'n I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.

Oh,

Oh, if I could, what grief should, I forget! *
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
 The diff'rent plague of each calamity. †
 And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
 If that be, I shall see my boy again.
 For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
 And so he'll die: and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n,
 I shall not know him; therefore never, never,
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

E c 2

Pand.

* ——— should I forget!

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
 I am not mad, &c.

† ——— each calamity.

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs;
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
 Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wiewy friends
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.——*K. Phil.* Bind up your hairs.*Const.* Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
 O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty!
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds;
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.
 And, Father Cardinal, &c.

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this
praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

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 As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty!
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds;
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.
 And, Father Cardinal, &c.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.——

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-clothes.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

[*Exit.*]

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
'Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
'Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.'

A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure, most of all shew evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,

Out

Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne: and therefore mark
John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be
That whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as hoist'rously maintain'd as gain'd.
"And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
"Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up."
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall?
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that sleeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

"This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
"Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
"That no small advantage shall step forth
"To check his reign, but they will cherish it.
"No nat'ral exhalation in the sky,
"No 'scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
"No common wind, no custom'd event,
"But they will pluck away its nat'ral cause,
"And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
"Abortives, and presages, tongues of heav'n
"Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John."

Lewis. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life;
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you

Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reason makes strong actions: let us go;
If you say *Ay*, the King will not say *No*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

Changes to England.

A prison.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. **H**EAT me these irons hot, and look thou
stand

Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long.
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
Indeed it is not; and I would to heav'n
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day;
In sooth I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur—— [*Shewing a paper.*]
How now, foolish rheum, [*Aside.*]
Turning dis-piteous nature out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.——
Can you not read it; is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but
I knit my handkerchief about your brows; [*Take,*]
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:

If

If Heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then, you must——Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I've sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out *.

Arth. Oh! if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd a tongue 'bate † Hubert.

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*]

Arth. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heav'n's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert; drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exe. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth.

* —— burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hardthan hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an angel, &c.

† i. e. Abate or disparage.

Arth. O Heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue. *———

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes!
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of Heav'n hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy. †

Arth. All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I sworn; and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu!

Your

* ——— hold your tongue.———

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold, &c.

† ——— I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on,
All things, &c.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more: go closely in with me.
 Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to the court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
 And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd,
 Was once superfluous. You were crown'd before,
 And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
 The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt:
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land
 With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
 To guard a title that was rich before;
 "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 "To throw a perfume on the violet,
 "To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 "Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 "To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,"
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your Royal pleasure must be done,
 This act is as an ancient tale new told,
 And in the last repeating troublesome;
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. "In this the antique and well-noted face
 "Of plain old form is much disfigured;
 "And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 "It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
 "Startles and frights consideration;
 "Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
 "For putting on so new a fashion'd robe."

Pemb.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
 They do confound their skill in covetousness *;
 And oftentimes excusing of a fault
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
 As patches set upon a little breach,
 Discredit more in hiding of the flaw,
 Than did the flaw before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
 We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your Highness
 To overbear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
 Since all and every part of what we would,
 Must make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
 I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
 And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
 I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask
 What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
 And well shall you perceive who willingly
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
 To sound † the purposes of all their hearts,
 (Both for myself and them; but chief of all,
 Your safety; for the which, myself and they
 Bend their best studies,) heartily request
 Th' infranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
 Doth move the murm'ring lips of discontent
 To break into this dang'rous argument.
 If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
 Why shou'd your fears (which, as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
 With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise?
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;
 Which for our good we do no further ask,
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

Enter

* *i. e.* Coveting to reach a higher excellence.

† *i. e.* Sound forth, or declare.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?

[The King goes aside with Hubert.]

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent:
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold Mortality's strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,
'The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny!
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell!

Pemb. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which own'd the breath of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Enter a messenger.*

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent.

There

There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death—— [Aside.
A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood,

[To the Messenger.

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? where is my mother's care?
That such an army should be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My Liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust: the first of April dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard: if true or false, I know not.

K. John. With-hold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers. What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France?
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so!

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him, imprison him,
And on that day at noon whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.———O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The French, my Lord; mens' mouths are full
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury, [of it.
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thyself into their company.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste: the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need

Some

Some messenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my Liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead!

SCENE IV. *Enter Hubert.*

Hub. My Lord, they say five moons were seen to-night :
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
' And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
' And whisper one another in the ear,
' And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
' Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
' With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
' I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
' The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
' With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
' Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
' Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
' Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
' Told of a many thousand warlike French,
' That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
' Another lean, unwash'd artificer,
' Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.'

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death? [fears?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cause
To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not pro-
voke me?

K. John. * " It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
" By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
" To break into the bloody house of life :
" And, on the winking of authority,

F f 2

" To

* This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots; and so must have been inserted long after the first representation.

“ To understand a law; to know the meaning
 “ Of dang’rous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns
 “ More upon humour, than advis’d respect.”

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account ’twixt heav’n and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation.

“ How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
 “ Makes deeds ill done? for hadst not thou been by,
 “ A fellow by the hand of Nature mark’d,
 “ Quoted, and sign’d to do a deed of shame,
 “ This murder had not come into my mind.”

But taking note of thy abhorr’d aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable to be employ’d in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur’s death.
 And thou, to be endeared to a King,
 Mad’st it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord——

K. John. “ Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
 “ When I spake darkly what I purposed; [pause,
 “ Or turn’d an eye of doubt upon my face,
 “ Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
 “ Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 “ And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.”
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
 Out of my sight, and never see me more!

My Nobles leave me, and my state is brav’d,
 Ev’n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow’rs;
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns,
 Between my conscience, and my cousin’s death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I’ll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,

Not

Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderer's thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O haste thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry Lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A street before a prison.*

Enter Arthur on the walls disguis'd.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite!
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heav'n take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondsbury;
It is our safety; and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more gen'ral than these lines import *.

F f 3

Bigot.

* *i. e.* Whose private account, of the Dauphin's affection to our
cause, is much more ample than the letters. Mr. Pope.

Bigot. To morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, Lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd Lords;
The King by me requests your presence strait.

Sal. The King hath dispossest'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak,
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were
best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: what is he lies here?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pemb. O Death, made proud with pure and princely
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed. [beauty!

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the glaive,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almost think, although you see,
What you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? 'Tis the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest
Of Murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
'That ever wall-cy'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Example'd

Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceless action of a heavy hand;
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would ensue.
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,
The practice and the purpose of the King;
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pemb. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.
Pigot. }

SCENE VI. *Enter Hubert.*

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death;
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Faulc. Your sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By Heav'n, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Pigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none. Whose tongue so'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury.

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you, and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do; renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such a rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
'Th' uncleanly favour of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

Bigot. Away tow'r'd Bury, to the Dauphin there.

Pemb. There, tell the King, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

SCENE VII.

Faulc. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd so black——nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer.
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul——

Faulc. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That

That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heav'n; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of Majesty,
Doth dogged War bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of Peace.
Now pow'rs from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick, fall'n beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away the child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the King;
A thousand businesses are brief at hand,
And heav'n itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Court of England.**Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.*

K. John. **T**HUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

[Giving the crown.]

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the
French,
And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop the marches 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty;
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war;
And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. *[Exit.]*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,

Like

Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faulc. So on my soul he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought:

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field;

Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den,

And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run

To meet displeasure farther from the doors;

And grapple with him ere he come so nigh,

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers

Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play-orders, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

To arms invalive? shall a beardless boy,

A cocker'd, filken wanton brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

And

And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to the Dauphin's camp.*

*Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot,
and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the president to these Lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, Noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and unurg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of time
Should seek a plaiter by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice, and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, oh, my grieved friends!
That we the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger-march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I must withdraw and weep

Upon

Upon the spot of this enforced cause;)
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What, here? O nation, that thou could'st remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore!
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
 And great affection, wrestling in thy bosom,
 Doth make an earthquake of nobility?
 Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
 "My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 "Being an ordinary inundation:
 "But this effusion of such manly drops,
 "This show'r blown up by tempest of the soul,
 "Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
 "Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
 "Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors."
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm.
 "Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
 "That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
 "Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
 "Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping."
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,
 As Lewis himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

SCENE III. *Enter Pandulph.*

And even there methinks an angel speeds;
 Look where the holy Legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, Noble Prince of France!

The next is this. King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild War;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of Peace;
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back.
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at controul;
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
'To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chafis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that same weak wind which inkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with int'rest to this land;
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart.
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine.
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? what penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out.
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match, play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,

Till

Till my attempt so much be glorified,
 As to my ample hope was promised,
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

SCENE IV. *Enter Faulconbridge.*

Faulc. According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience. I am sent to speak,
 My holy Lord of Milan, from the King.
 I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my intreaties.
 He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well. Now hear our English King;
 For thus his Royalty doth speak in me.
 He is prepar'd; and reason too he should.
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd mask, and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
 The King doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy-arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand which had the strength, ev'n at your door,
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
 To crouch in litter of your stable-planks;
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
 To herd with swine; - to seek sweet safety out,
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake,
 Ev'n at the crying of our nation's crow,
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman:
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No; know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
 And, like an eagle o'er his airy, tow'rs.

To soufe annoyance that comes near his nest.
 And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Nero's, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame.
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
 We grant thou canst outcold us; fare thee well.
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our int'rest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed your drums being beaten, will cry out;
 And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
 Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
 A bare-ribb'd death; whose office is this day
 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Changes to a field of battle.*

Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me,
 Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

K. John.

K. John. This fever that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, tow'rd Swinstead, to the abbey
there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but ev'n now;
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd Swinstead; to my litter strait;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to the French camp.*

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French.
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Fauleonbridge,
In spite of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say King John, fore sick, hath left the
field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,

I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmondsbury;
Ev'n on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view!
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true,
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er these eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east.
But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning cresset
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
'The love of him, and this respect besides,
(For that my grandfire was an Englishman,)
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my soul,
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee; and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,

For

For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
And happy newness that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE VII.

Changes to a different part of the French camp.

Enter Lewis, and his train.

Lewis. The fun of heav'n, methought, was loath to set,
But staid, and made the western welkin blush;
When th' English measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needful shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Prince, the Dauphin?

Lewis. Here; what news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English Lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk on Goodwin sands.

Lewis. Ah foul, shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart;
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my Lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-
night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinestead abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faulc.

Faulc. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. And whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may I not demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think,
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; *sans compliment*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the King
Yet speaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my pow'rs this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt he will be dead or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the orchard in Swinestead abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Henry. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which, some suppose, the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Henry. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; his siege is now
Against the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng, and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should
sing:——

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born

To

To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

K. John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
I would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, ill fare! dead, forsook, cast off;
"And none of you will bid the winter come
"To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
"Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
"Through my burn'd bosom; nor intreat the north
"To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
"And comfort me with cold." I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

SCENE X. *Enter Faulconbridge.*

Faulc. Oh! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. John. Oh! cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heav'n he knows how we shall answer him.
For in a night, the best part of my power,

As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord!—but now a King—now thus.

Henry. Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop*.

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your bright spheres,
Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be fought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so; and you, my Noble Prince,
1 With other Princes that may best be spar'd.
2 Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Henry. At Worcester must his body be interr'd.
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.

And

* ———— and ev'n so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone so? &c.

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state, and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Henry. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.
Thus England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them!—Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



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